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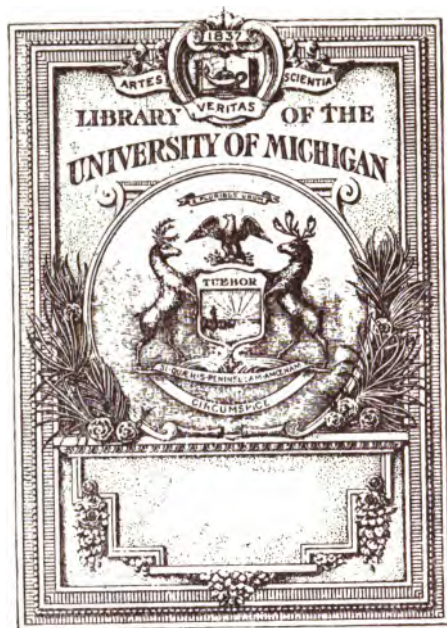
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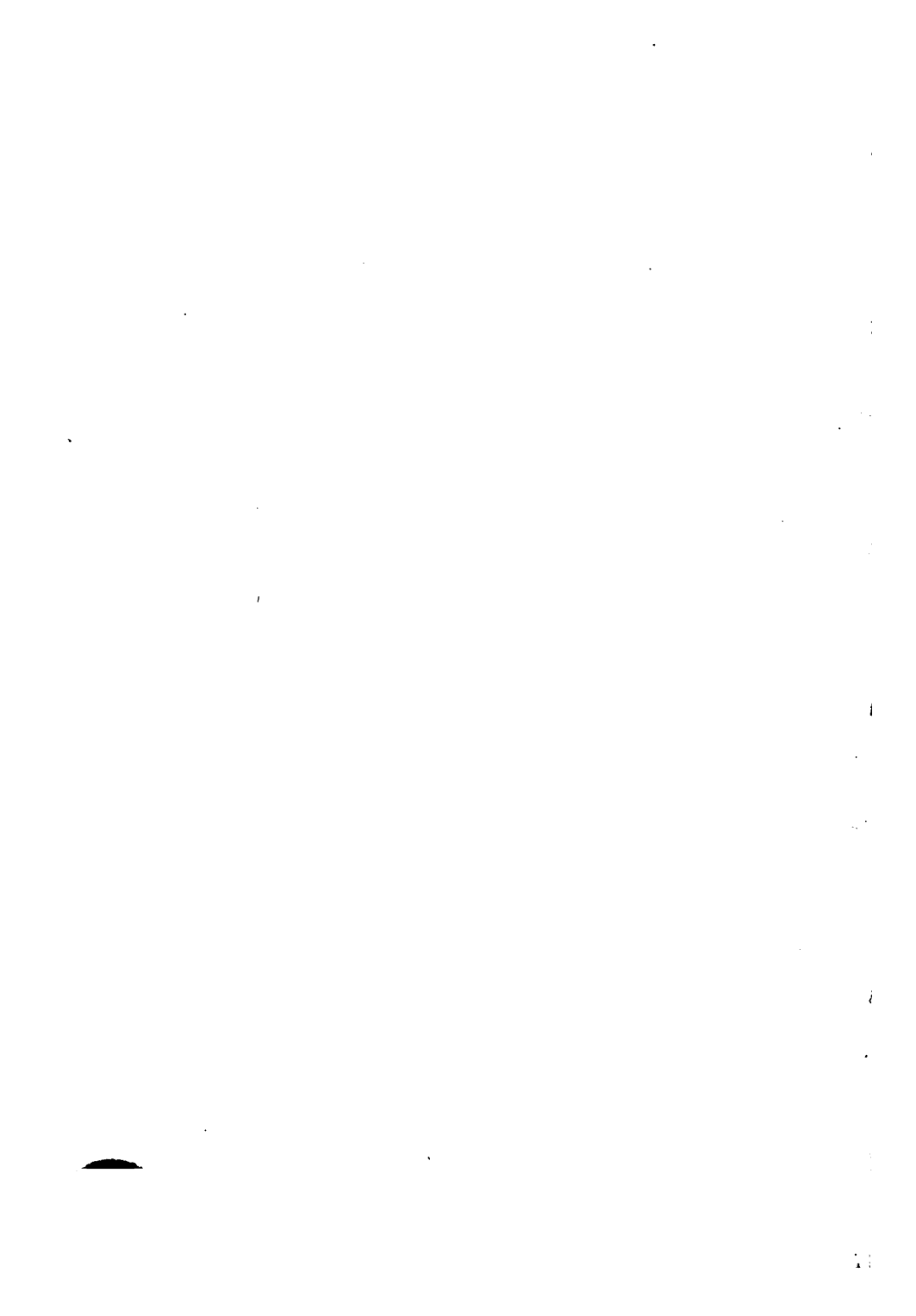
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FOREWORD

SOME years ago the late Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston delivered an address at the Northfield Conference entitled, "The Recurrence of Doctrine," in which he described Truth as being in the form of a circle, and he then represented the circle as constantly revolving. By this figure he illustrated the idea that at one time in the history of the Church one particular doctrine was specially prominent while at another time another doctrine would be more prominently presented to view, and while all truth at all times is binding in its force and should in right proportion be presented, yet he said that there were certain great doctrines or truths, which, at the time of their prominence, should be especially declared unto the people. It has always seemed to me as if this were true, and I can recall how, at one time, many seemed to be speaking of the "Second Coming of Christ," and it is still held as a doctrine of comfort and inspiration by a great host of people.

At another time the person and work of the Holy Spirit was in prominence before the Christian world, and is still the secret of power and is neglected at the peril of the Christian worker or teacher. But to-day there seems to be before us the thought of service, service in behalf of those who are less fortunate than ourselves; service rendered in the spirit of Him who came, "not to be ministered unto but to minister," and the call has gone forth in no uncertain way, summoning

the Church to a union of all who love in the interests of all who suffer or are in need.

This is not the day for the preaching of a selfish salvation, and he who simply tries to keep men out of hell or to win them for heaven and stops with this has missed the truth that would make the world better, and did he but seek after presenting the Saviour to bring heaven into the lives of the people here and strive to lead all the followers of Jesus to live in the spirit which controlled Him and to try to be like Him in every way, he would be in harmony with the truth which is to-day being emphasised.

It has been said that sometimes the mission of an age or race is recognised by those who are fulfilling it, and sometimes it is discerned when one stands at a distance, where the crowded details of life melt into a general view.

“The present age belongs, without a question, to the former class. There is not only given to it a mission, but there is added a distinct consciousness of that mission. We do not have to wait for the philosophical historian of some remote future to discern the characteristic problem of the present time. Behind all the extraordinary achievements of modern civilisation, its transformations of business methods, its miracles of scientific discovery, its mighty combinations of political forces, there lies at the heart of the present time a burdening sense of social mal-adjustment which creates what we call the social question.

“It is the age of the social question. Never were so many people, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, philosophers and agitators, men and women, so stirred

by this recognition of inequality in social opportunity, by the call to social service, by dreams of a better social world.

"There is, of course, a huge, inert mass of unobservant humanity, with no perception of this new region of hope and faith into which the present generation is entering. These persons live their lives of business or of pleasure, as Jesus, with splendid satire, said of such persons in his own age, with just enough power of observation to tell the signs of to-morrow's weather, but without the capacity to discern the signs of their own times. No one, however, who lifts his eyes from his own private life can mistake these signs of the times. The literature of the present age is saturated with the desire for social amelioration or social revolution; workmen with grimy hands and women with eager eyes are turning the pages of the economists in search of practical guidance; social panaceas are confidently offered on every hand; organization on an unprecedented scale is consolidating the fighting force of the hand-working class; legislation is freely advocated which practically revolutionises the earlier conception of the function of government; and, finally, the party of revolution, with its millions of voters in European countries, officially announces that all other issues are to be subordinated to the social question, and that all other parties are to be regarded as 'a mere reactionary mass.' It is the age of the social question; and to pretend that social life is undisturbed, or if but superficially agitated, is simply to confess that one has been caught in an eddy of the age and does not feel the sweep of its main current.

"A generation ago Mr. Lowell touched the note of the social question of his time in his 'Vision of Sir Launfal.' Social duty seemed then fulfilled in deeds of benevolence and self-sacrificing love; and a whole generation learned to repeat his lines as the summary of social service:

" 'Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me.'

The temper of the present age is no longer comprehended by such a statement of the social question. Instead of generosity, men ask for justice; instead of alms, they demand work. Thus the legend of the search for holiness, if written for present-day readers, must be translated from the language of charity into the language of industrial life, and the new Sir Launfal finds his Holy Grail through productive labour rather than through pitying love.

" 'They who tread the path of labour, follow where Christ's feet have trod,
They who work without complaining, do the holy will of God.
Where the weary toil together, there am I among my own,
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.
This is the Gospel of labour—ring it, ye bells of the kirk,
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.'

"In 1849, Pastor Wichern, the founder of the In-nere Mission, in Germany, addressed his Letter to the Nation, urging Christian believers to enter "into the ferment and question of the time, and give the only

indisputable proof that Christianity . . . can accomplish what is possible to no power or wisdom without the gospel; and this proving of Christian faith by Christian works has become the special mark of modern Christianity. A hundred ways of service, visitation, and relief, the advocacy of temperance and of recreation, the provision of the social settlement and of the institutional church, illustrate the expansion of the work of religion into the sphere of the social movement. Yet these Christian activities, beautiful and fruitful as they are, and testifying as they do to the vitality of the Christian religion, cannot be regarded as presenting in themselves a solution of the modern social question. This question, as we have already seen, cuts quite beneath the whole problem of philanthropy, and cannot be summed up in terms of pity for the unfortunate or of almsgiving for the poor. It inquires for the causes of ill-fortune and demands justice for the poor. It applies itself to changing the conditions which make people poor, rather than to pitying the poverty which evil conditions have made. However legitimate and beneficent, then, the progress of Christian sympathy and charity may be, it does not satisfy the demand of the time. It is the work of a practising physician, dealing with special cases of disease, while beneath his mitigation of results lie profounder inquiries concerning the causes and prevention of disease. To meet the social question as it now presents itself, religion must be more merciful than generous: it must find a place for itself in that search for better economic conditions and better social organisation which absorb the attention of the present age.

"We turn to the story of the gospels, inquiring for the relation of the teaching of Jesus to various social questions of the present age.

"On opening the gospels, one is immediately impressed by the abundance of material presented. Jesus was no recluse or ascetic. He lived in a world of social intimacies, problems, and companionships. The first act of His ministry was to gather about Him an intimate group of friends through whose associated activity His teaching was to be perpetuated. He entered with unaffected and equal sympathy into the joys and sorrows of social life. He was familiar with the most various social types, fishermen and Pharisees, tax-gatherers and beggars, Jews and Romans, saints and sinners. Almost every social question known to His age was in some form brought before Him, either to receive His judgment or to make a snare for His teaching. The integrity of the family, the relations of rich and poor, the responsibilities of the prosperous, all these, which seem to be modern questions, receive from Jesus reiterated and often stern consideration, so that it would seem to be a matter of slight difficulty to determine from such ample material the character of His social teaching.

"There are, however, several aspects of His ministry which must be clearly recognised before this teaching can be interpreted in its full significance or scope. In the first place, as one sums up his general impression of the gospels, it becomes obvious that, whatever social teaching there may be in them, and however weighty it may be, the mind of the Teacher was primarily turned another way. The supreme concern of

Jesus throughout His ministry was, it may be unhesitatingly asserted, not the reorganisation of human society, but the disclosure to the human soul of its relation to God. Jesus was, first of all, not a reformer, but a redeemer; He was not primarily an agitator with a plan, but an idealist with a vision. His mission was religious. His central desire was to make plain to human souls the relation in which they stand to their heavenly Father. 'Lord, shew us the Father,' say the disciples, 'and it sufficeth us.' 'The Gospel,' as a great German scholar remarks, 'is not one of social improvement, but one of spiritual redemption.'

"The teaching of Jesus, then, does not pretend to cover the whole range of the social question. It recognises that the problem of adjusting social environment must be a new problem with each new age; it concerns itself, therefore, with the making of persons who shall be fit to deal with the environment which each new age in its turn presents. 'Cleanse first,' says Jesus, 'the inside of the cup and of the platter.' 'For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?'

"The obvious fact is, that for a very large part of social disorder, the chief responsibility lies in the passions and ambitions of individual men, and that no social arrangement can guarantee social welfare, unless there is brought home to vast numbers of individuals a profounder sense of personal sin."

All of these quotations are from Francis Greenwood Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." They are given in full in order that we may understand the position of the best advocates of Social

Reform. There sometimes is a tendency in these days, when one emphasises his necessity, to criticise the Church and in some cases to turn away from the evangelical statement of truth concerning Jesus Christ as the son of God, and in other cases to minimise the great doctrines of the Church which in the past have inspired a countless number of people to follow Jesus; but so far as I am concerned I do not understand why we may not do our utmost for those who are in distress; why we may not study most carefully the economic conditions and present a cure for the ills which confront us to-day and menace our future so sorely; why we may not have all that is suggested by the writers on Social Topics, and yet at the same time hold to all that has made the Evangelical Church strong in the past, and for myself, I do. I would not sacrifice in the least the evangelical doctrines which have been the inspiration of my ministry and the joy of my life for twenty-five years, and I will allow no one to go beyond me in seeking to ameliorate the condition of the suffering and present a cure which may help to solve the problems which are on every side to be settled.

There is a great opportunity to-day for an aggressive movement on the part of the Churches. While men may differ as to the exact kind of work which should be carried on, yet most thoughtful people are to-day agreed that the time for a forward movement conducted in the spirit of Christ, is now upon us. It is significant that within a short time there appeared in the *American Hebrew*, the following statement:

"The time is ripe for a genuine religious revival

among all denominations. It is equally ripe in Judaism. Not for many years has there existed such an opportunity as to-day. The heart of the people can be moved if the lips of the teacher be kindled by the divine fire. If the rabbinate will 'Awake, awake and utter a song' it will fall on no deaf ears. Responsive hearts will receive it. The faith of men to-day is like the tinder awaiting the spark. With the Rabbis lies the power to set it aflame. Those of them who have in their hearts and on their lips faith in God, not as a form of speech, but as an abiding, vital principle, can thrill their people into a newer, higher, nobler life."

And if this is the thought of a distinguished editor of a Jewish periodical, what may not be accomplished by those of us who have all the Old Testament inspiration to assist us in our teaching and our living, and added to the Old Testament the story of Him in the New Testament who lived and suffered and died and rose from the dead and is to-day clothed in authority and power. And His story properly told and rightly lived is the cure for every ill with which we are faced.

I

KNOWING THE TIMES

"Men that had an understanding of the times."—I CHRONICLES xii. 32.

THIS is the secret of greatness. Great warriors have been the men who have clearly understood when to move forward, when to halt and fight, and sometimes when to retreat. Great inventors have been the men who have sensed the need of the hour and whose genius has given to the world that which, at the proper time, has lightened labour and increased happiness and joy; and great leaders of men generally are those who have thoroughly understood their times and have appreciated the fact that there is a time to act and a time to refrain from action, a time to be aggressive and a time to be conservative, and they have been ready for every emergency. He who understands every time but his own can do no permanent good for society. If he lives in the past he becomes mystical, and if he lives in the future he is a fanatic. He must be the man for the hour or he will fail. He is like the man who knows every language but his own, and therefore is unable to talk to the one at his side. These are great times in which we are living. They are days of invention. The world is startled with the exhibition of the ingenuity of men which a year ago seemed to be remarkable and which now we have come to look upon as the natural result of the need of the

hour. These are days of possibilities. Never before in the history of the world has so much money been poured out to those who are in need as at the present time. These are days of special works of charity, for this is the era of social service in the Church. It is time to cease preaching a selfish salvation which has its end in the salvation of the individual, and it is time that we preached that when we are saved we are supposed to reach out after others. Jesus gave this instruction to St. Peter when he said, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."

The 11th and 12th chapters of I Chronicles are to the Old Testament what the 11th Chapter of Hebrews is to the New Testament. In Hebrews xi. 32-40 we read, "And what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted and tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in

dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

And then if we turn to I Chronicles, the 11th chapter, we have a similar story in the account of David's mighty men. There is the story of the three who broke through the ranks of the Philistines that they might secure a drink of water for Him who had said, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," and we have in this one of the most pathetic incidents of the Scriptures, for as a matter of fact David was not so much desiring a drink to quench his thirst, as he longed for the return of the old days of peace and happiness when by the well of Bethlehem and in the valley below, he kept his sheep.

In the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago years ago, when one of the first operations for appendicitis was performed, a young man who was operated upon, when he came out from under the influence of the ether kept saying over and over, "Oh, for a drink! Oh, for a drink!" And when they put the water to his lips he declined to take it, and then exclaimed, "Just for one drink from the old Vermont spring," and in this cry of his for the experience of other happy days, he was akin in his spirit to David the King, who wanted a return of the days when he kept his flock at the well of Bethlehem.

Then there is the account of Benaiah who slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day, and the story of Eleazar

whose hand clave unto the sword when the battle was over, and the account of that other mighty man of David's who stood in the patch of lentils, and crying out in the name of the Lord and standing alone with God, turned back the host of the enemy as they would have overpowered Israel.

The 12th chapter is like a supplement to the 11th. In the 11th chapter we have an account of the more aggressive service of the king, while in the 12th chapter we have a picture of the men who made their way to Hebron to aid in his coronation. These men were distinguished for different reasons.

In the second verse we are told that they were armed with bows and could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and in shooting arrows from the bow. Some of us scarcely know we have a left hand. We speak constantly of the right, but all the faculties of men are needed in the warfare in which we are called upon to engage. There is great danger that some men may count themselves great because they are being used in a fashion, because they read certain books and preach with certain forms, and therefore are not like other men. We have a great body in the ministry, and let us each encourage the other. The thinker, the teacher, the expositor, the orator, the evangelist, all these are helpful in their work, and we need the sympathy each of the other. There is no reason why we should not fight with both hands, and yet the man who uses only one is apt to be jealous of the one who uses two.

In the 8th verse we read, "And of the Gadites there separated themselves unto David into the hold to the

wilderness men of might, and men of war fit for the battle, that could handle shield and buckler, whose faces were like the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains." These men were tested and tried. They had been in the battle and they could arouse enthusiasm. This is sorely needed to-day in the Church of Jesus Christ. How much we need the experience of the men who can pray and of those who know their Bible as well. It is one thing to have a shield and buckler, it is quite another thing to know how to use it, and the man who knows his Bible to-day and understands the secret of prayer will be victorious in his work for God.

In the 38th verse we read concerning these men as a company, "And these men of war, that could keep rank, came with a perfect heart to Hebron, to make David King over all Israel; and all the rest also of Israel were of one heart to make David King." They were men who were able to keep rank, which means that they were able to march in step, each moving with the other, each helping the other by his presence, and this is needed to-day in the Church. And then we are told that they were men of perfect heart, that is, they were not double-hearted, which is the spirit of St. Paul when he said, "This one thing I do." Then they were men who had an understanding of the times. It is said by someone that these men of Issachar were astrol-ogers, and that they read the stars and therefore knew how to act; others said that they were men of political sagacity, which was revealed in their going up to David in this particular time in his history. It is useless, however, to speculate about them, yet we learn from

them how important it is that men should know the times in which they live. It is a great mistake to put new cloth in an old garment, and new wine in old bottles. Men are not revered or great just because they are trying to make old methods meet new necessities. Conservatism is madness when it does not suit the laws of the times and adapt itself to passing conditions. These are great days in which we are living, and possibly there never has been such an opportunity to work for God as at the present time, but God requires all there is of us, and each must do his part and each work in his own way, and everyone work without the spirit of criticism regarding his brother, whose methods may differ from his' but whose spirit is the same. It may simply be that we have ability to throw with both hands or to wear the shield and buckler, or to keep rank as we march and so not cause confusion, or to labour with a perfect heart, but if we understand our times and do our best for God victory is certain.

Somewhere I have read the following:)

“‘What is in thine hand, Abel?’

“‘Nothing but one wee lamb, O God, taken from the flock. I purpose offering it to thee, a willing sacrifice.’ And so he did. And the sweet smell of the burning has been filling the air ever since, and constantly going up to God as a perpetual sacrifice of praise.

“‘What is that thou hast in thine hand, Moses?’

“‘Nothing but a staff, O God, with which I tend my flocks.’

“‘Take it and use it for me.’ And he did, and

it wrought more wondrous things than Egypt and her proud king had seen before."

" 'Mary, what is that thou hast in thine hand?'

" 'Nothing but a pot of sweet-smelling ointment, O God, wherewith I would anoint thine only one called Jesus.' And so she did; and not only did the perfume fill all the house in which they were, but the Bible-reading world has been fragrant with the memory of this blessed act of love, which has ever since been spoken of for a memorial of her."

" 'Poor woman, what is it thou hast in thine hand?'

" 'Only two mites, Lord. It is very little, but then it is all I have, and I would put it into the treasury.' And so she did; and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a charm prompting others to give to the Lord."

These times in which we live demand certain strong declarations regardings some great subjects and principles.

SIN

There must be a strong declaration regarding sin, for if we have lax ideas concerning this subject then our views of the Atonement will suffer and we shall not appreciate the sacrificial death of the Son of God. If sin is simply a mistake, or just counted as an error, then there is no sense of guilt and no cry for pardon.

The Bible declares sin as the transgression of the law. I John iii. 4. It further declares that all unrighteousness is sin. I John v. 17. And it likewise states that unbelief is sin. John xvi. 9. Indeed this is the chiefest of sins, for the one who is guilty of it is indifferent to the love of God, indifferent to the death

of Christ, and indifferent to the pleadings of the spirit. It is unbelief which closes the door of hope. Sin separates us from God, separates us from each other, and makes us insensible to our helpless and undone condition. It is so sure in its work, so insidious in its influence, so certain in its punishment, that it is dangerous to trifle with it even for a moment. These are awful days in which we live; days of greed and graft, days of scandal in high life and of failure on the part of men in prominent positions. St. Paul's description of sin in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is most realistic, but it would almost seem as if he could increase its intensity if he were here to-day to write by inspiration.

THE SAVIOUR

These times demand that there shall be no uncertain declaration regarding the Deity of Jesus and the meaning of His death upon the Cross. There must be no subtraction from His character nor from the efficacy of His death upon Calvary's Cross. He only is able to save to the uttermost.

A friend of mine told me that when he attempted to climb the Matterhorn he was besought on every side by guides who asked him to give them the privilege of taking him up. But he was shrewd enough to say to them, "Show me your papers first," and then the men who were not true fell back and approached him no more, while the real guides showed him papers which revealed the fact that they had taken other men up the Matterhorn and brought them down in safety, and the names of prominent Americans and

distinguished Englishmen were signed to his paper. All I want to know about Jesus Christ in these days is this, "Can He save?" and I have but to ask the men who have helped to move the world, and Charles H. Spurgeon and D. L. Moody and S. H. Hadley and William McKinley and William E. Gladstone all respond, "He is able to save to the uttermost, for He is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

His influence has ever been profound. One day when some noted sceptics were railing against Christ and the Christian religion, James Russell Lowell in a masterful way replied thus to their criticisms:

"When the microscopic search of scepticism which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of the Creator, has turned its attention to human society and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honoured, and human life held in due regard—when sceptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone first and cleared the way, and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical *literati* to move thither and there ventilate their views."

THE BIBLE

These are days when the strongest declaration should be made concerning the Bible as the word of God. The conflict in the past has been terrific, but

the smoke of the battle seems to be lifting and no one needs to be afraid for this Book of God. That there is a reverent criticism of the Word of God which has to do with authorship and the dates of manuscript and correct translation all will allow, but that there is any criticism that can take from us the Bible as the Word of God, we certainly deny. "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my Word shall never pass away." To-day it seems truer and better and more helpful in its influence than ever before. Let us cease to be afraid for our Bible; this is the Bible's day and it cannot be destroyed. Somewhere I have read:

"If men should try to put it away from us they would be obliged first of all get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000, say of the Old and New Testaments in one Book and in portions of the Book. You must have all these piled together in a pyramidal mass and reduced to ashes before you can say you have destroyed the Bible.

"Then go to the libraries of the world, and when you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from each book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, excising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty, for the knowledge of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible—until you have taken all these from between the bindings and turned them to ashes, leaving the emasculated fragments behind, not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"You must then go to the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and

obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced. Not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters—not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"Have you done it then? No. There is one thing more you must perform. There is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries, while they exist, are Bibles, and to suppress the Book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from gravestone to gravestone and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is biblical and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must also blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not until you have done all this can you destroy the Bible."

So I present the Bible to you as the Word of God and know that you will never be disappointed in it.

THE FUTURE

That these are trying and troublesome days in which we are living all thoughtful men will agree, but so far as the future is concerned I am myself an optimist. God's Word shall not return unto Him void. The Church will yet arise in her might and assert her authority in the name of Jesus Christ, her risen Head. For years we have been praying for an awakening, and God has given us the Welsh revival just when men had declared that revival days had passed, and

He sent Torrey and Alexander around the world with such a message and such a hearing as no two men have ever before received, which shows that the Gospel has not lost its power. He has given us mighty works of grace in our own land just to show what can be done in every part of the United States and the world, if men would but take Him at His word. The tide is rising, the skies are brightening, the clouds are rolling back, and if we understand the times and move in the line of God's providence, we shall win the victory. Somebody has said that every battle of Israel was settled before it was begun because the people took counsel with God. We may fall short of our faith but we shall never go beyond it.

Not a great while ago in New York City a mighty task was accomplished. In its way it was most unique. The huge draw of the old Kingsbridge bridge, 272 feet long and weighing eleven hundred tons, was successfully floated down the Harlem River and placed as the middle span of the new Fordham bridge at 207th street. The bridge was floated down on pontoons.

Operations began at low tide, when four pontoons were towed up the river and moored under the middle span. On each of the pontoons heavy timbers had been built up twenty-five feet. By partially filling the boats with water they had been lowered two feet below their normal water line. As soon as the pontoons were in position the water was pumped out. *Then the engineers waited for the tide.* At 12.30 P. M. the span began to rise, and two hours later it was clear of its fastenings by ten inches. Four tugboats, two in front and two behind, then tied up to the pon-

toons, and, amid a shriek of whistles and the cheers of the crowd on either bank, the span began its journey. The distance to the Fordham bridge was a mile and a half, and it took the span a few minutes over an hour to reach it. You will notice that the engineers simply waited for the tide, and it is believed by many thoughtful Christians to-day that the tide is coming in and that we ought to be prepared to take advantage of it. So let there be no uncertain sound in our teaching or in our confession of faith, and certainly no uncertain note in our testimonial concerning Him who is able to save. Let our lives be right and our purposes strong. I present to you Augustine's prayer when he said, "A whole Christ for my Saviour, a whole Bible for my counsel, a whole Church for my fellowship, a whole world for my field." This is God's time, when such a faith and such a hope would go far towards moving the world. So I present to you Jesus Christ. Lay hold upon Him and there is victory, but if you reject Him and act indifferent to the direction of God and have trifled away your time and have squandered your talents, and then you should go unprepared into the future yours would be the cry:

"Missed, missed, missed,
For all Eternity!
The chance to suffer and bear the cross,
To count all earthly gain but loss,
Missed! missed! missed!

"Lost, lost, lost,
For all Eternity!
The joy of wearing a victor's crown,
The Master's voice with His glad 'Well done!'
Lost! lost! lost!"

I wish, oh, I wish that I might sound a new note of victory, infuse new hope into some soul, give new visions to some who have been blind, and if with this you should walk in the way which He has outlined, then for Eternity your cry would be:

“Gained, gained, gained,
Through sorrow, and toil, and loss,
Through treading the way of nail and thorn,
The way of loneliness, shame, and scorn,
The way that leads to the cross.

“Gained! gained! gained!
The reign with the King, the crown,
The glorious lifting up, the rest;
The joy of the soul who stood the test
Of the bitter going down.

“Gained! gained! gained!
What joy for the man who died!
‘Fruit of my sorrow I now have seen
In thee, O soul—thou hast faithful been,
And my heart is satisfied!’”

Yet when all this has been said, and I feel that I have been faithful to Christ and the truth as I hold it and as it holds me, and as many other men to-day and in the past have held it, yet I must in no uncertain way declare that these times in which we live certainly demand that after one is saved, there is a service he must render to those in need in the name and spirit of Jesus, and failing in this, he will be called to a strict account at the Judgment Seat of Christ.

II

THE STING OF SIN

"For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROMANS vi. 23.

THE secret of failure in life and service is in this text and we should study it with care yet it is almost unwise to separate any individual verse in Romans from the entire Epistle, for the whole letter is a masterpiece of the consecrated skill of a master logician. It is as perfect a piece of argument as has ever been known, and should be studied as a whole. However, if any verse could be considered alone it is that given above.

There are some words which appear oftener than others in this Epistle; as for example, the words, "for," "but," and "therefore," and they are the words which would be used by one who is sweeping on in a masterful argument. Two of these words, "for" and "but," are naturally found in the text used. There are three "therefores" in the Epistle which should be considered, as they stand out like mountain peaks in the words of St. Paul.

"Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans v. 1.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them

which are in Christ Jesus, who walked not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Romans viii. 1.

"I beseech you *therefore* by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Romans xii. 1. And whenever the author uses the word "therefore," or its kindred words, it is well to study carefully all that goes before and to pay particular attention to all that follows them.

The first five chapters give us an incomparable picture of sin, the story of Israel in relation to grace and the account of the Saviour who was offered as a sacrifice for sin. In the sixth chapter the Apostle guards against the danger which might beset one who accepts the truth of justification without appreciating it in all its fulness, and therefore makes it a licence to sin, when he said, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" and exclaims, "God forbid, how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein," and Romans vi. 23, comes as the climax of the 6th chapter and as a warning against sin in every form, and the difference between *wages* on the one side which would call for service of the most exacting kind, and a gift on the other which is entirely a matter of grace, is the difference between the two Masters of men, either of which we may have for the choosing.

The background of St. Paul's picture is sin. We cannot possibly eliminate this from our thinking, nor can we be indifferent to it in our living, for if we do treat it lightly other errors will follow in the wake of this. We will depreciate the Atonement and we will be overtaken again and again by failure—because

of the fascinating and alluring power of sin at its beginning. Sin is not merely an error, nor is it to be counted only as a mistake. It is a damnable thing, so great that it demands an infinite sacrifice.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews writes, "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Hebrews ix. 27-28.

In its awful influence sin works in various ways. *It will change the expression of one's countenance* so that it becomes its own detective and brings the sinner to punishment for his sin. Be sure your sin will find you out; you cannot long successfully conceal it.

It will undermine character and the strongest of us cannot resist its insidious and continuous attacks.

It is said that in India the white ants bore their little holes through the timbers of buildings, and that the holes they bore are so very small that the casual passer-by could not detect them, but when the storms come and the winds blow, the timbers eaten through give way with a crash and the building is destroyed. It is thus and only thus that men fall into grievous sin. They rarely leap suddenly into the depths of iniquity, they journey by slow stages, practising sins as insignificant as the boring of an ant hole.

It will break up households; separate husbands and wives; disgrace parents and children, and where naught but peace and happiness should abide it will bring confusion and despair.

It will divide friends. There is no chasm between loved ones so deep as that which is caused by sin, and there is no barrier so high as that which is erected by a life of wilful transgression. Friends are separated as widely as the distance between the poles, and all because of sin.

It will blight others, for no one of us can sin and suffer alone. Someone has said that there are five acts in the rum tragedy: and this is but one form of sin.

The first act is the graduation of a young boy from school. He has taken every honour and the prospects before him are exceedingly bright.

The second act is the scene of his marriage. He has departed from the home of his youth, has entered the city, and with every prospect bright for his future he is united in wedlock to a beautiful girl. It would seem as if nothing could stand in the way of their future happiness.

In the third act he is beginning to yield to the slightest of temptations. He has become careless and indifferent to the best interests of his life. His moral fibre does not stand the test and the strain of his everyday experience. He is slowly slipping from his moorings.

The fourth act is the representation of the bride that was, with her weeping child by her side, waiting for the return of her drunken husband. He who was once so fair has become horrible to look upon, and the one who promised so much to the bride by his side has forgotten his every vow.

The fifth act is the scene of three graves in a dark

place. The first hold the body of the broken-hearted wife; the second the body of the baby starved to death; while the third holds all that is left of the man whose prospects were so bright but whose wreck was complete, and all because of sin.

It is small in its beginning, therefore, it is to be greatly feared.

I was in the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco, when the General Passenger Agent asked me if I had seen the big trees of California. I informed him that I had seen them as I looked from the car window the day before, and smiling he said, "Then you have not seen them, for they must be studied to be appreciated." Calling for his secretary, he stretched out before me a measuring line. On the one side was his affidavit in which he said, "I have measured one of the big trees of California. Its circumference is 105 feet, its diameter 35 feet, and the height was to me so amazing that I hesitate here even to suggest it." Then he said to me, "How large would you think the seed of a big tree might be," and when I suggested that it ought to be of enormous size, he poured out into the palm of his hand a number of these little seeds and they were smaller than a lettuce seed. So it is with sin. An evil imagination encouraged, an impure thought harboured, an unholy ambition controlling us, and the work is begun, but the end no human tongue is able to describe.

It is deceiving in its influence. It is like some diseases of which men are the subjects.

I travelled through the West recently and met a

great number of men and women who are the victims of the great white plague, tuberculosis. It is a flattering disease, and the victim rarely looks for death, but always considers that recovery is sure to come, and sin is just such a disease. How very many people tell you that they will go so far and stop, only to wake up at last and find it impossible. How few there are who ever expect to be finally lost! But remember "The Wages of Sin is Death." It is said that in the West Indies there is a vampire bat which fans its victim to sleep, and while asleep draws away its life blood, and this is sin.

It is sure in its progress. A truer word was never spoken than that which was written in the Scriptures, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

I have read that in the Island of Ceylon there are more than forty serpents having a sting which is deadly, but that there is one in particular which, if it should sting your hand or foot, you would be dead in a minute, but death is not more sure from this serpent's sting than disgrace and death are sure if sin is permitted to have its unhindered sway to the end.

It is degrading in its influence. It will tear down the strongest character; it will blight the brightest prospects; it will mar the sweetest face; it will crush the holiest ambition. It will ruin for time and for all eternity, and no one of us can afford to trifle with it. The wages of sin is death, and he who becomes the servant of sin will one day receive his wages, part payment of which he has had given to him all along the journey of his sinful life.

What is the greatest sin in the world? It is not

intemperance, nor dishonesty, nor impurity; it is not a thousand other things which might be mentioned, but the greatest sin in the world is the rejection of Jesus Christ. It is said that when the Spirit of God is come He will reprove the world of sin, and this sin is the sin of not believing upon Him whom God hath sent forth to be the propitiation for our sins, so that when we stand face to face with Him, at the Judgment, the question put to us will not be, "Were you drunken or impure or dishonest?" but "What did you do with Jesus Christ?" and upon the answer to this question will depend whether we stand or fall.

THE REMEDY.

Different remedies have been suggested by men, but one only by God himself. There are those who say that all the sinner needs is a better environment, and this would be well enough if the difficulty were simply external, but someone has said this remedy would be like painting the barn a nice mild colour in order to cure the propensity of a kicking horse to kick, or the painting of a pump on the outside when the waters within the well were poisoned. If environment could save a sinner, then how does it occur that Adam sinned, for his environment was perfect? And if the environment theory would hold good, then how does it occur that Judas Iscariot is dead and doomed, for his environment was without a flaw. He lived in the very presence of Jesus Christ, and yet betrayed him with a kiss. There are those who say that if there is to be a recovery from sin, there must be an appeal to the will and the upbuilding of character, and suggestions

made as to one's conduct and the message of those who hold to this theory is "do your very best," or "do right," which is all well enough except that in ourselves we cannot do right, and in our own strength we cannot do even our very best, and if we fail at the bar of our own judgment how can we stand face to face with God? What are we to say to the men whose will power is gone and whose feet have slipped from their foundation and who have lost their hold upon all that was right and good and true? This remedy must surely fail, for it is useless to present it to the one who has so grievously sinned, but God's remedy is a never-failing one. It is suggested in the text which heads this chapter, "The gift of God is eternal life." In God's plan for our salvation we are told that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. God could not look with indifference upon sin, and with the death of Christ in our behalf, the just for the unjust, He Himself became the Justifier of all them that would believe. Salvation is a gift. God offers it to us without money and without price. "Eternal life" is just another way of saying "the life of the Eternal," and when we accept the Saviour He comes in to abide with us. He is in us, enabling us to overcome every form of temptation; in us, strengthening us to bear up under trial; in us, enabling us to live as we ought to live, and there is no remedy that can surpass this. In the sacrificial death of the Son of God His Atonement thus made provides for sins past; they are forgiven and forgotten; provides for sins present, they are put away from us as far as the East is from the West; provides for sins in the future which may attack us, for we walk



with Him who Himself overcame temptation and in that He Himself was tempted He is able to succour those of us who are likewise tempted.

DELAY DANGEROUS

There is danger that the blinding effects of sin may lead us to treat lightly and indifferently the Atonement which has been provided in the death of Jesus Christ; to believe that there is time enough, and that may keep us from laying hold eagerly upon Him who stands with His garments dyed red ready to save us.

Out in the West they told me that at the mouth of the Columbia River men were accustomed to fish in a peculiar way at a certain season of the year for salmon. One hundred fishing boats put out, each one with two fishermen, and they go forth just as the sun is setting. They sail to the spot where their trained eye and their past experience lead them to know that the promise of success may be reasonably assured. They set their nets, as the tide is coming in, and then boat and net drift upwards along the river course with the tide. When the tide turns the boat drifts to the sea, and just as the morning breaks the boat is near the breakers. The fisherman will go as far out as he can with the tide and then begin to draw in his net. He is drifting all the time towards death. Sometimes something holds his net. It may be that it is too full to draw in, and with the terrific running of the tide before he can recover himself his boat is overturned and he himself in the strong clutch of the sea is borne outward with the tide and is dead. It is because the tides of sin are running so heavily that a warning cry is to-day

lifted. Do not forget that the wages of sin is death. But also remember the gift of God is Eternal life. But this life when received must show itself in consecrated service, for we must be doers of the word and not hearers only.

III

THREE REASONS FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN

"Yesterday and to-day and forever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

THESE three divisions of time present to us three good reasons for accepting Jesus Christ. This expression has to do with Him and for that reason it is not only suggestive, but its truth is inspiring. All things about us are constantly changing, therefore to know that He changes not is a great joy. It is like another Scripture which is found in the Revelation where he is described as the Alpha and Omega; it would seem from this as if the alphabet had been exhausted to represent the beauty of His character and the power of His life.

Leigh Richmond, in his "Dying Cottager," tells of the last visit which he made to the deathbed of one whom he had led to Christ, and as he sat near her bedside, he asked her as to her hope for eternity. Putting her wasted fingers upon the Bible she said, "Christ here," and then pointing upward she exclaimed, "And Christ there."

Three times the expression "Alpha and Omega," is used and each time with suggestive force.

Revelation i. 8, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." He is the Alpha and Omega of the Book. He binds the Word of God together. His story in prophecy and ful-

filment runs through all its pages and makes the Book one.

Revelation xxi. 6, "And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." He is the Alpha and Omega of the thirsty soul. Drink of the world and you must drink again; try to quench your thirst with riches and the thirst will be but increased; try to be satisfied with honour and distinction and you will cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am;" but drink of the fountain of living water and you will never thirst again.

Revelation xxii. 13, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning, and the end, the first and the last." He is the Alpha and Omega of the homecoming. He journeys with us all the way. When our eyes are blinded by sin and we do not know that He is near, He is by our side. In sickness and in health, in sunshine and in shade, He is with us, but when the last day's work is done and life's race is run, and we cross over to the other shore, His is the invisible presence with us constantly, but there we see Him face to face.

Everything about Jesus was masterful.

There was power in His presence, for when He appeared devils fled away and were glad enough to drown themselves in the waters of the sea.

There was power in His voice. The waves were rocking the boat and even the trained fishermen are afraid; but at the sound of His matchless voice the waves are hushed, the storm is over and the sea is calm.

There was power in His hand. He has but to touch

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sightless eyes with his fingers and lay his hand upon the pain-racked body and stretch forth his arms to a wicked and gainsaying world to bring peace to those in distress. Indeed, He is powerful in every way. The Scriptures are filled with the story of his miraculous work, and again and again devils, disease and death, acknowledge Him as their conqueror. It is of him that the text is speaking, and He is described as being the same "Yesterday and to-day and forever."

In the Revised Version there is a little word of three letters, "Yea," added to the reading of the Authorised Version. It is as if the writer were saying "Jesus Christ is the same to-day that He was yesterday"; a truth which was filled with sweetness and comfort. It is just here that the "Yea" comes in, which is literally "Amen," and it is as if all the angels in the skies were giving assent to the statement of the writer. If He is the same now that He was when He blessed little children, and forgave sinful women, and comforted broken-hearted men, then I must receive Him with all my heart.

I present three reasons for being a Christian. Doubtless someone will say there are ten thousand reasons, and this is true, but they all head up under three main divisions.

YESTERDAY

Your yesterday and the day before that and the days reaching back to the beginning of your earthly pilgrimage, present a reason for the acceptance of Christ. Men lose sight of the yesterday of sin when they talk about reformation. If you have broken God's law you cannot ignore the fact, if you have spoken unkindly or

falsely of another you cannot just let the matter slip and expect that somehow, somewhere it will be all right.

“Boys flying kites,
Haul in their white-winged birds;
But you cannot do that,
When you are flying words.”

But I am not speaking concerning generalities, my message has to do with sin. Reformation cannot effect a cure, for the trouble is with the heart and it must be treated. No outside application of good resolutions will avail.

In my home in the country an old farmer came in one day to tell us that in some unaccountable way the water in the well on my place had been poisoned, and that it would be exceedingly dangerous to drink of its waters or to allow the cattle to drink, and if I had informed him that I expected to erect a new well sweep and that that would cure the difficulty, or build a new pump house and the waters would be purified, I would have been speaking quite as wide of the truth as the man who talks about reformation being a cure for sin. And doing your best cannot count, for if your best from to-day should be most admirable, the sin which you have committed is in the past, the law which you have broken was an act of yesterday, and your many offences against God occurred sometime in the past, reaching from to-day back to the earlier days of your experience. Then remember your sin is against God, and certainly reformation could not make provision for that. What man needs is a divinely prepared atonement. The Scriptures have clearly stated that the

"wages of sin is death," but again as plainly declared that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," but do not forget that we are likewise told that "He was made sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," and the Scriptures also state that "Christ died for our sins."

Then sin is a debt not to be paid by human effort. In Isaiah the 40th chapter and the second verse, we read, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

Rev. Dr. Bailey, of Denver, Col., once told me that this did not mean that she was to receive double punishment, for that would be unjust, but he said in the old Jewish days when one was in debt and gave his note as a promise for payment, he gave it on a perforated piece of parchment and wrote *the obligation* across the perforation; it is thus that the expression "this indenture witnesseth" was originally used. The debtor took one part of the parchment while the creditor held the other, and when the debt was paid the portion held by the creditor was given to the debtor and was nailed to the door as a sign of payment. So remember that in our debt of sin, "He hath taken the handwriting which was against us and hath nailed it to His cross," and we are free from the law. Oh, happy condition. The best solution of the sin problem is found in Christ as the Redeemer who is described in the Revelation as "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

My associate and friend of years, Dr. Henry Ostrom,

has described an African prince visiting the African settlement at the St. Louis Exposition. He was clad in citizens' clothes, and the people from Africa appeared in their native costumes. When this stranger proclaimed himself a Prince they ridiculed him. However, an aged man said, "I can tell whether you are a prince of the royal blood," and he ran his fingers down the back of the neck of the one who claimed to be a prince and found the scar that was there, the mark of his royalty, and he fell upon his knees with all the others to worship him, "And He stands before us as the Lamb that had been slain; scars in His hands and feet, in His side and back and on His blessed brow. He is our Redeemer."

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe."

TO-DAY.

If we were set free from the penalty of sin and then expected to stand in our own strength we should fail, but that is not the hope of the Christian, nor is it the doctrine taught in the New Testament. We have not only a Redeemer who is now our Great High Priest at the right hand of God, seated because His work is finished, but we have an indwelling Christ. As Dr. A. J. Gordon used to say, "We have a two-fold Christian experience; there is life and life more abundant; regeneration and renewal; conversion and consecration; sonship and communion; righteousness and holiness; peace with God and the peace of God, and we cannot live as we ought except we be united to Christ; He is the way, the truth, and the life. Without Him as the way there is nothing but wandering; without Him as

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the truth there is nothing but error; without Him as the life there is nothing but death.

“If I could live to God for just one day,
One blessed day, from rosy dawn of light
Till purple twilight deepened into night—
A day of faith unfaltering, trust complete,
Of loved unfeigned and perfect charity.
Of hope undimmed, of courage past dismay,
Of heavenly peace, patient humility—
No hint of duty to constrain my feet,
No dream of ease to lull to listlessness,
Within my heart no root of bitterness,
No yielding to temptation's subtle sway—
Methinks, in that one day would so expand
My soul to meet such holy, high demand
That never, never more could hold me bound
This shrivelling husk of self that wraps me round—
So might I henceforth live to God away.”

Such a life as this is possible if we are united to Christ by faith.”

I once purchased an old-fashioned clock, a grandfather's clock, only of modern workmanship. I took it to my home in the country, set it up, started the pendulum going, and the family sat with admiring gaze looking upon it, but it marked no flight of time and the pendulum swung for a time and stopped. I tried it again and failed, and we were a disappointed household, but when I came down in the morning and with my son was examining its mechanism, I found that back behind the face there was a little hook which should have been slipped into the pendulum rod, and when I did this and started the pendulum again its marking the flight of time was perfect and ever since it has been a satisfaction to us. Human effort will last

but a little while, but the life united to Christ by faith will move on with ever-increasing beauty and power. These are times when men must be like Christ. These are days of sham and graft, days of greed and of awful sin, and nothing will count except being like Him who is the son of God and perfect in all His ways.

"A Japanese colonel who was captured within the Russian lines was condemned to be shot as a spy. He took from his pocket a large roll of bills, and asked that they might be given to the Russian Red Cross Society, saying in explanation, "*I am a Christian, and I wish thus to follow Christ in forgiving my enemies.*" Was not that the right sort?

A missionary barely escaped the blow of a club that was designed to crush his skull. "Kill the coward! Tear him to pieces!" cried the multitude, but the missionary protected his would-be murderer. "*Brother,*" he said to the affrighted man, "*Christ taught me to love my enemies;*" and he made the man, and all who beheld, friends of righteousness as no severity could have done.

When Rev. Thomas Waugh, of Liverpool, lost his eldest son in a railway accident for which the signalman was to blame; broken-hearted as he was, and crushed by the great sorrow of his life, *he found time to write a sympathetic letter to that stricken signalman.*

FOREVER

The third reason for one's being a Christian is found in his future, and this last reason has to do with his eternity. We cannot realise the duration of eternity.

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I found in my father's pocketbook after he was dead the following lines :

"How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they;
Months move as if the years
Would never pass away.
But days and weeks are passing by,
And soon must all be gone,
For day by day as moments fly
Eternity comes on.
Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun."

We would not be careless if we realised eternity, and if we understood that there is but a single heart-beat between us and the future, and that as we are in death we shall be for an unending eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
A little bird with fretting beak,
Might wear to naught the loftiest peak.
Though but each thousand years it came.
Yet thou wert then as now the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity."

There are two experiences for us, either of which we may have as we pass out of this world.

There is darkness. This means to be away from God, and we were made for Him and without Him we will be most miserable.

There is doom, for the Books shall be open and we shall stand face to face with the Judge.

Some years ago a gentleman driving a spirited team

of horses lost control of the team. As they dashed through the streets a distinguished judge sprang out, caught the bridle-reins and at the risk of his own life saved the man who was driving. By a singular coincidence this same man was on trial for his life some little time after, before the judge who rescued him. When the trial was over and the lawyers had made their plea, then the judge addressed him saying, "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" And the prisoner tremblingly arose and said, "Your Honour, don't you know me?" and when told that he must speak on and not address the judge, he said again, "But, your Honour, don't you know I am the man you saved, have mercy." And the judge replied, "I do remember you, but then I was your saviour and to-day I am your judge and must pass sentence." And if you have sinned against the Saviour of men one day you must face him in judgment.

Then there is the land of light. It is a place of many mansions, and the thought of a mansion is beauty; it is also reunion; and there are streets of gold, and the thought of gold is purity, and only the pure in heart shall walk there. And there are gates of pearl, and the thought of pearl is suffering, and it is through the sufferings of Jesus that we are to enter the city. Then there is the presence of Christ.

The light of Heaven is the face of Jesus.
The joy of Heaven is the presence of Jesus.
The melody of Heaven is the name of Jesus.
The theme of Heaven is the work of Jesus.
The fulness of Heaven is Jesus Himself.

REASONS FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN 53

And no text could describe the glory of that city.

A friend of mine told me of a little blind boy who received his sight by the operation of a skilful physician, and when the last bandage had been removed and he saw his mother's face and then looked out upon the beauties of nature, he exclaimed, "Oh, mother, why didn't you tell me of this beauty?" And she said, "I did try, my son, but I failed," and it is so with us concerning Heaven.

GOD'S PLAN

God has a plan for our lives, and it includes the future, and if we do not take it into account we shall be most miserable. It is best described in the Epistle to the Ephesians, the first chapter and the 12th verse, "That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ." The glory of the sun is in its shining; the glory of the diamond is in its brilliancy; the glory of the song is in its sweetness, but the glory of God ought to be in yourself as redeemed by Christ.

It is further described in Ephesians, i. 18, "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." One of the most pathetic pictures describing the Son of God represents Him as treading the wine press alone, but He has passed through all His privations into the majesty of the Heavens; but remember if He has any glory there it will not be in the streets of gold or in the gates of pearl, but in yourself.

It is also pictured in Ephesians ii. 7, "That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ

Jesus." God's plan does not end with death nor with the coming of Christ. We do not know but that there are other worlds inhabited, and that we who have been redeemed by the precious blood are to be sent on errands to these worlds to proclaim the riches of His grace in His kindness to us through Christ, and ten million years from to-day we shall be fulfilling His will and working out this plan. This all settles so many difficulties. You said that your prayer was not answered when your loved one died, but God was just calling that loved one to a better position on high, and He knows best. You said that the education of your child amounted to nothing because the day after the graduation the accident meant the sudden death of your loved one, but God had the child in training here for a marvellous mission in the other world. If life ended with the grave, then we might be discouraged and broken-hearted because of trial, but every trial and every heartache are but the touch of the Master's hand to shape us for the future.

A WARNING

This is such a warning. Men think very little about the to-morrow. We have the name to live and are dead, and the man who calls himself a Christian and is indifferent, inconsistent, not generous, ought to tremble in the thought of it.

The other day there was a terrific accident on the D. R. & G. Railroad in Colorado, and when the switchman was called to account he tremblingly said, "I have nothing so say, I was asleep." This is the situation of many a Christian.

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But there are those who have not accepted Christ, many who are not Christians who must go into the future and will then wake up to what they might have been. They will remember God's call, the preaching of the minister, the prayers of their mothers, the appeals to conscience, but this memory will profit nothing.

"Good-bye, I said to my conscience,
Good-bye for aye and aye,
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away.
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.

"But the time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace,
And I cried, 'Come back,' to my conscience
For I long to see thy face,
But Conscience cried, 'I cannot,
Remorse sits in my place.'"

God save us from such a day! So you see there are three reasons for one's being a Christian:

His past, he needs an atonement; his present, he needs an abiding Saviour; his future, he needs to fit into the plan of the Infinite One, but if I am a child of God I need not fear.

"I know not when, I know not where
My time will come to pass away.
'And so I live, by faith and prayer
As if I knew it were to-day.
For 'Watch,' the Scriptures say to me,
Thy Lord will come in grace and power—
Be ready when He calls for thee,
Thou knowest not the day nor hour.

"Why should I be appalled at death?
By God's decree man dies to live—
Eternity hangs on a breath,
Which God alone can hold or give,

It dominates man's nature o'er,
The end of watching pain and strife,
And is to man God's parlour door,
By which he enters endless life."

The Christian's death is beautiful. When the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon died, they sang at his funeral this sweet hymn :

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night!

"Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night!

"Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom is over-past—
Good-night!

"Only 'good-night,' beloved, not 'farewell,'
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible,
Good-night!

"Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!"

Oh, that my last hours might be like his, and they will be if I have Christ as my Saviour, if He abides in my life and if I look forth into the future, by faith realising that even He will not forsake me, and that yesterday and to-day and forever He is the same—the Saviour of my soul; the inspiration of my life of service; and my unending joy throughout eternity.

IV

CHRIST, THE ONLY HOPE

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—JOHN vi. 68.

THERE are many pathetic situations revealed to us in the reading of the earthly ministry of Jesus. I recall that incident where the angry Jews following after Him, with stones in their hands, awaited the first opportunity to hurl the stones at Him, and at last the more excited of the company perhaps did stone Him, when He with infinite pathos exclaimed, "Many good works have I shown you from my Father. For which of these do you stone me?" I also remember that time in His earthly experience when hungry for confession He said to His disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" And when they gave Him the opinions which had been variously expressed, the general confession did not seem to be enough and He said, "But whom do ye say that I am?" And there is to me a great exhibition of pathos in this heart-hunger of His for an acknowledgment of Himself on the part of His disciples. But of all the situations the setting of the text appears to me the most pathetic. We must remember that He began His ministry in Judea, but so great was the charm of His personality and the attractiveness of His teaching that the multitudes thronged Him and when there was danger of His

failing to impress upon them the heart of His ministry because the crowds about Him were so great, He turned away from Judea and went into Galilee. But He was the same in Galilee as in Judea, and as He has ever been. And so the multitudes again crowded about Him, when in order to scatter them He gave them some sharp teaching concerning His ministry and His ultimate departure. The crowds at once began to leave Him. They moved away by twos and by fours and then in larger companies, until at last only the twelve were left. Then Jesus turned to them, saying, "Will ye also go away?" And Simon Peter answered Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

There have been different renderings of this expression, "Will ye also go away?" Someone has translated it, "Yet cannot wish to go away, can ye?" And still another has made it read, "Ye may go away if ye wish," implying that the going away is possible but highly incredible. But in spite of the suggestion the twelve remain by His side, for when once one has actually seen Jesus he can have eyes for no one else, and when once his heart has been filled with the presence of Jesus, everything else will fail to satisfy.

In all the ages there has been a sifting of those who have been the followers after God and the seekers after light. There are different experiences which have tested men's attachment to Christ.

Sometimes intellectual difficulties are the means of testing, and yet suppose we should give up hope in Christ. What is there for us then? What if we are disposed to question certain mysteries, what can we

gain if we turn away from One who has ever led men out of bondage into freedom and out of darkness into light? Someone has said, "It is easier to spoil a picture than to paint one, to pluck a flower than to put it back on its stem, to demolish a statue rather than release it from its imprisonment in the marble." Everything in our religion appeals to reason if rightly considered. Joseph Parker used to say, "Religion is reason on her knees. Faith is reason on wings. Christianity is reason on the cross on the way to the crown." And if there should be intellectual difficulties to-day in the mind of anyone, do not leave Him because you cannot understand Him, but wait and trust. I remember rising from my bed when a student in the seminary determined to put all thought of the ministry out of my mind and to give up the church, for one of the doctrines of the Church was to me not only inexplicable but distasteful, but suddenly it came to me that this same doctrine had been believed by men the latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to unloose, and so I determined to wait for light from above. And if there is any doctrine more than another in which I believe to-day, which has given me greater desire to preach than I had before, a greater love for the Bible and a greater conception of God's majesty and power, it is this same doctrine from which I would once have turned away, but which now I believe with all my heart.

Sometimes trial is the means of testing, but it is inconceivable to me that men should turn away from Christ because suffering must be faced. Let us be reasonable people. Great souls have always graduated

at the College of Hard Knocks. But if the heart-strings have almost snapped, it is but the tuning of the instrument by the Master hand for sweeter music. What if the night has seemed to be interminable. We would not appreciate the sun but for the lowering of the curtain of darkness. What if our plans have been changed, our hopes blighted, our distress indescribable, we need not forsake Christ; for to whom should we go if we departed from Him?

Sometimes sin is the testing influence. Slowly yet surely the cord of fellowship has been strained almost to the snapping. It was in the beginning but one brief moment of entrancing pleasure, but in the pursuit of it we sold our birthright, and if we should go on in sin and away from Christ, what could we gain? Nothing but an accusing conscience, long sleepless nights, distressing days and an awful experience in the end. What an old sin backsliding is, for when we use this name we understand that it describes the condition of one who has in practice at least turned away from Him. It began in the days of Adam, continued until the time of the flood, and broke forth in Israel's days with increasing force. Nothing could be more pathetic than God's cry over his wandering people when he exclaims, "How can I give you up?" We need not, therefore, be surprised if we see men drifting in these days, for if, in the Old Testament times, one like Enoch walked with God,—others lost step with Him, and if in the New Testament days when many were faithful, others denied Him, like Peter, and betrayed Him like Judas, it is not at all strange that there should be traitors in the camp at the present time.

Some have drifted from Christ because they have been deceived from the beginning. There is a counterfeit grace as well as a real religion. Someone has said, "All is not gold that glitters. All blossoms do not come to fruit. All is not Israel that is called Israel." Man may have the deepest of feelings and desires, the greatest of convictions and resolutions, and even the highest of hopes and some joys of service, and never have the grace of God. They may run well for a season and bid fair to reach heaven, then break down and go back to the world and end their lives like Demas of old or even Judas Iscariot.

How little some people profit from religious privileges! You will notice that the twelve tarried with Jesus, and one of the twelve was Judas. If ever a man had a great opportunity it was Judas. He was a chosen disciple, a constant attendant of the Master, a witness of His miracles, a hearer of His sermons as well as a preacher of the kingdom, a fellow and friend of Peter, James and John, and yet he was shipwrecked for time and eternity. However, his privileges were not greater than ours, with the memory of a great ancestry, the recollection of a noble father, and the tender memory of a perfect mother. Religious privileges are not enough, good birth is not enough, early training not enough. Do you really know God? If not sell all that you have and learn to know Him. No sacrifice is too great to make. To whom else could you go if not to Him?

Others lose fellowship with Christ because they follow Him afar off. Peace and power are gone. Fellowship is sacrificed. While it is true that there is a

real grace which is an everlasting possession and from which we never fall away, yet unconfessed or continually practised sin will rob us of fellowship with Christ. A neglect of the Bible will take the joy out of our experience. Indifference to the prayer life will take from us the power of holy living. A life of listless endeavour will rob us of joy and of blessing. It is a sad thing to turn away from Christ in our living. To whom else could we go if not to Him?

To what do we owe our association with Christ? I do not forget God's sovereign grace in our present position, but I would speak of the other side about which there can be no discussion. We owe our position in part, and frequently very largely, to our birth. We have been brought into close touch and relationship with Christ because of some saintly mother or because of some godly father. It is said that when John McNeil, the great preacher, who had heard a minister preach and had determined to be a Christian, went to his home, he found his mother sleeping. Entering her room he aroused her and told her that he had become a Christian and that he hoped to preach. Putting her arms about his neck she said to him, "Johnny, my lad, I prayed for this before you were born."

With some it is parental consecration; for many a man must acknowledge to-day that he owes much to the fact that when he was but a child his parents placed him before God on the altar, and nothing could be more beautiful than the faith of our fathers in taking their hands off from our lives and asking Him to direct and control them. 'An evangelist was preaching to the Indians. He had made a strong appeal that assistance

be given to other Indians, and a collection was to be taken. Through an interpreter he asked them to make the very best gift they had. When the baskets had been passed down the aisle there came to the front a big Indian, his wife walking by his side and a little bit of a boy between them. Securing the attention of the evangelist the Indian said, "You told us to give the very best we had to God. Our best is not money, but it is this little child." And without the suggestion of a smile he said, "We could not put him into the basket, so we brought him to you. You may take him away if you please, and we will never see him again. Only remember he is God's child." There is many a life of blessing which if traced back to its source would come to such a place as this of parental consecration.

Some owe their position in Christ to the fact that like Peter of old they could find no one else to whom they could turn. They may have tried philosophy, and the world and pleasure and even sin, but they were forced at last to say, "What can wash away my sin?" and they had no answer but this, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Whatever it is that has led you to Christ, it is a sad thing to break step with Him, to sell what we have for less than a mess of pottage, to deny Him in the house of His friends, to crucify him afresh. "Ye cannot wish to go away, can ye?"

There are many reasons why we should stay. There are too many mysteries unsolved if we go away. We cannot account for creation except with Him. Astronomers tell us that in our firmament there are eighteen millions of suns, and another firmament above this,

and still another and still another, and I cannot think that they came by chance. It insults my reason to do this. I prefer rather to stand with Him; without Him there was not anything made that was made. For He who made the stars and telleth their number, He holdeth them in His hand.

I cannot account for suffering away from Him. It is all a mystery, but when I hear him say, as He does in Isaiah xliii. 2-3, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am Jehovah, thy God, the Holy one of Israel, thy Saviour; I have given Egypt as thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba in thy stead,"—then I have light in the darkness.

I cannot account for disappointment away from Him; but with Him, with every hope shattered and every plan broken, I can hear Him say: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." "All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness. Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees; and make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed. Follow after peace with all men and the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord." I have no answer for the thirsty soul away from Him. It is the deep-seated nature of man which manifests itself in the many forms of restless activity and the powerless-

ness of the world to quench this thirst that indicates the divine origin of the soul. He who drinks of the cistern will find the cistern running dry, and he who quaffs at the water-pool will find it foul and turbid. He who seeks to quench his thirst at the sea will only find his thirst increased.

"The frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine can fill;
The waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still."

But by His side I hear Him say, "Everyone that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." Without Him I have no help for the sinner. Away from Him it is the survival of the fittest; while with Him it is pardon, forgiveness, and justification for the vilest. There are too many witnesses in his favour for me to leave Him. Call the roll of philosophers; Bacon, Locke, Dr. Johnson, Edwards, Hopkins, McCosh. They were Christians, and it was Locke who said, "If I had my life to live over, I would spend it studying the Epistles of Paul and the Psalms." Call the roll of astronomers: Copernicus, Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton. They were Christians, and it was Kepler who said, "I am thinking the thoughts of God. I am overawed with the sense of His majesty. In the firmament God is passing before me in the grandeur of His way." Call the roll of scientists: Agassiz, Miller, Proctor, Guizot. They were Christians. Then add the name of

John George Romanes, who was an unbeliever, but became a devoted Christian, accepting the divinity of Jesus and the atonement of Christ, and died a triumphant death. The greatest historians, among whom were Bancroft, Ridpath, and Green, were Christians. The greatest discoverers, among whom were Raleigh, Livingstone, and Stanley, were Christians. The greatest statesmen, among whom were Constantine, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Webster, Gladstone, and Bismarck, were Christians. All the presidents of the United States save one have been believers. Jurists like Blackstone and Hale, including all the judges of the Supreme Court, have been Christians. This company is good enough for me; and where these men have travelled I am not afraid myself to go, for to Whom else could I go?

Let us imagine for a moment that we have departed from Him. Then the Bible describes us as without God and without hope in the world. If we have departed from Him, we have no Bible. The Bible says: "The Lord is my shepherd." The man without the Bible is shepherdless. The Bible says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," but the man without the Bible will have his thirst unquenched. The Bible says, "The Lord is thy refuge," but the man without the Bible is at the mercy of every wind that blows. The Bible says, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest," but the man without the Bible exclaims, "O, that I knew where I might find peace." The Bible says, "In my Father's house are many mansions," but the man without the Bible goes into a hopeless eternity with no

refuge for his soul. If we have gone away from Him then we have no Saviour. Sin is everywhere with wrecking and ruining power, and we have no hope to present to the hopeless and helpless, while with Him there is no man so deep in sin and no woman so far from God but we may sound a note of cheer for them. If we have departed from Him, then we have no hope in death. You may hold the lifeless form of your child in your arms and in unbelief you carry it to the grave, roll the stone against the door and say good-bye forever, while faith bids you say farewell and not good-bye. It was in Him that the grave has lost its victory and death has lost its sting, and while the body of your loved one rests in the tomb, God will not be unmindful of it.

In the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the 11th verse we read, "But if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through His spirit that dwelleth in you." Some years ago, seated in my home in the country, I read the explanation given of this verse by one of the great Bible teachers in our country. He said when one became a Christian the spirit of God entered into him, and so long as he lived he was the temple of the Holy Ghost. "But," said he, "when he dies his spirit goes to the God who gave it and his body is placed in the tomb to await the coming of the Lord, and," said he, "it has always been my thought that this same spirit of God keeps watch over that tomb until the resurrection morn, guarding it as a mother bird guards her little ones." I could

scarcely read the explanation for my tears, and I drove at once to the cemetery with my wife and we knelt beside the little grave where years before we had placed the body of our first-born boy. It had always been a spot of gloom, especially for the mother, for in it she had buried her first hopes. But with this thought of the spirit of God keeping watch we had a new conception, and ever since the grave has lost its terror and death has been robbed of its gloom. So to Whom else could we go if we turned from Christ? He is the Resurrection and the Life, our joy here and our hope for an unending eternity.

He is our only Hope for the future, but it is equally true that He is our only hope for to-day. Without Him life is hardly worth the living, while with Him it is a constantly unceasing joy.

V

HIS LOVE

"For peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."—Is. xxxviii. 17.

THIS text of Scripture has to do with Hezekiah, the king. The word of the Lord came to him saying, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die," and then in the providence of God his life was spared and the text is a cry of joy because of his merciful deliverance.

Hezekiah was a great man. He was a distinguished king of Judah, and yet the word of the Lord came to him that he was to face death. Greatness is no barrier to trouble, and death has ever loved a shining mark.

Hezekiah was a good man. He was genuinely good. For twenty-nine years he reigned as king. Under his administration the Mosaic institutions were restored to honour, idol worship was abolished, the high places were brought down, the brazen serpent of Moses was destroyed lest it become an object of idolatrous affection, and the temple was repaired. He was a thoroughly good man, and yet goodness is no pledge that sorrow may not stand knocking at the door and demand admission, for since Job's day it has been proven that the best of God's people may suffer and be true.

The text is one of those gems of Scripture of which the Bible is so full, which seeing once you never can

forget, and which hearing once, the music of heaven begins to ring in your soul. Yet I was amazed in turning over the pages of all the commentaries I possessed to find that only one commentator mentioned this text at all, and this seemed to me remarkable, for it is really the gospel in epitome. The pit of corruption, the sinking sinner, the strong arm of the restorer, the motive which prompted the deliverance, the sins forgiven and forgotten and cast behind God's back; all these but foreshadowed the work of Him who found men in pits of dejection, humiliation, and despair, and gave up His life that they might have freedom and the promise of immortality.

There is a great difference between the Old Testament and the New in many ways. There is no difference in the story of love, for it is the same from Genesis to Revelation, and there is not the slightest difference in the matter of sacrifice, for the Old Testament sacrifices but foreshadowed the supreme sacrifice of the Son of God in His earthly life and ministry, which culminated upon the cross, in his sacrificial death for sinful men. But what I mean is this. In the Old Testament the law was proclaimed in the midst of rolling thunder, while in the New Testament the gospel was announced to the accompaniment of angel's music. In the Old Testament, if a son were disobedient to his father he was stoned with stones until he was dead. But in the New Testament he could break his mother's heart, and bring down his father's name in shame and leave his home in wilfulness, but the father continues to love him and to wait for his return, and then goes forth to meet him with kiss and robe and ring and

shoes, and receives him at home with the gladdest welcome, calling in all the neighbours to rejoice with him. In the Old Testament, when Hezekiah faces death, he thinks of it as the pit of corruption, and counts his escape from it as a deliverance so great as to provoke a shout of victory. He says,

"In the noontide of my days I shall go into the gates of Sheol:
I am deprived of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see Jehovah even Jehovah in the land of the living:

I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world."

But in the New Testament, when St. Paul faces death he says, "I am in a strait betwixt two, for I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ," and yet thinking of those who are dependent upon him, he decides that to tarry with them is more needful, and it seems to me that we find this difference between Hezekiah and St. Paul because of the victory won by Christ over death, so that now, while still an enemy, it is a conquered enemy, and God uses it to hold His children in close embrace until the resurrection morning comes.

There is a marginal reading for a portion of the text which makes it to me all the more impressive. It is this: "Thou hast loved my soul from the pit," and this is the spirit of this message. This text is really the Rosetta stone of Scripture, and the man who discovered that famous stone, which unlocked the mystery of many an ancient hieroglyphic upon the old-time obelisk, rendered no greater service to Egyptologists than the humblest servant of God who has caused the people to understand that the very spirit of the Bible is simply this—"God is love."

In that delightful book of Dr. Dawson's, entitled "The Empire of Love," which has well been described as a classic, I read the following:

"I lived with pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses this among
Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chamber burned no fire
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire—
The House of Pride was very cold.")

But in this poetry of Dr. Dawson's there came another verse in which there is a significant change in the spirit, for here love prevails.

"I lived with love; all she possessed
Was but a tent beside a stream;
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came when day was spent,
'And turned our water into wine
'And made our life a sacrament."

LOVE'S RECORD

The whole Bible is a record of God's love. When Adam and Eve had sinned and God went walking in the garden in the cool of the day saying, "Where art thou?" this was love seeking. When the world was steeped in wickedness and the flood cannot but come, and Noah stands proclaiming righteousness, this is love as a barrier in the way of judgment. When Israel wanders and God with every entreaty seeks to turn

them back, this is love crying with a breaking heart for the wanderer's return. There are special illustrations of this spirit, as for example, the Shunamite. It was love that sent the mother, to Elisha. Or again, the story of Absalom. It was love that sent the old father to the gates saying, "O, Absalom, my son, my son." Or in the story of Jacob as an aged man grieving for his children. It was love which wrung from him the cry: "Me ye have bereft of my children. Joseph is not; Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me." And as for the New Testament, love dictated the parables, love worked the miracles, love dealt with sinners, love drove the Saviour to the cross, love sent Him to the shore of the sea in the early morning, love sent Him back to represent us in the skies, and love will one day bring Him back again in all His power and might. It is this spirit which must win in the church, and when we have it victory is sure. The frail daughter of General and Mrs. Booth had sung her hymns and told her story in the crowded meeting in Paris, France. Fallen men and women had only mocked her, but this provoked her to a new pathos. She told her story once more. When they still refused to yield to her, she walked through the crowd to the rear where a fallen girl with dishevelled hair and sin-marked face was jeering at her. Bending over her she took the poor face in both hands and kissed her, saying, "My dear sister, I would to God I could love you to Christ." The girl was startled. Pure lips like those had not touched her cheek in many a year. She rose to her feet and staggered to the front, dropped at the penitent form and rose up saved. She

is to-day a Salvation Army officer. If you were to ask her how she came to Christ she would answer, "I was loved up from the pit."

LOVE'S CALL

The very nature of our religion is a call to love. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and Jesus so loved to do His will that He cried, saying, "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will." St. Paul so loved the service of God and the souls of men that he counted it a joy to suffer and die if only men could know Him. I read recently the statement of a great author in which he said, "When selfish interests are followed solely by either individual or corporation disaster will surely come." He said, "Have you noticed the Lord's prayer? In it the words 'I' and 'my' and 'me' do not occur. The individual praying for himself apart from others has no part in this prayer of Jesus. It is 'our Father,' 'give us our daily bread.' " The petitioner casts his lot in with the rest and wins his blessing. There never has been such a call as to-day for service. Ask Jane Addams of Chicago with reference to the suffering poor of that city. Consult Jacob Riis as to the heart-broken men and women in New York. Talk with General Booth about the down-trodden in London. There never has been such poverty as to-day and never such a time to show the spirit of Jesus. Children denied the comforts of life, men of middle age worn out with increasing toil, women old before their time because of the burdens they have borne, young girls with pinched faces and hurt lives

toiling for the support of themselves and others—all of these are calling to us for a ministry which should be extended in the name of Jesus. There never has been such a time to live and to love as to-day.

LOVE'S EXAMPLE

It has been said that Christianity as we find it to-day is a misrepresentation and misinterpretation of Christ. I can hardly believe that this is true, but the one who states it says that it is not consciously so. If so the remedy would be easy. If it is unconsciously so the remedy is difficult. Being a Christian, after one has accepted the divine plan which culminates in regeneration, implies that sort of living in which the spirit and the method of Jesus are reproduced as accurately as possible.

His ideals were the highest; His desire for men was not that which is good but that which is best, and His constant aim was to present to them in His own living that life which it is possible for us all to attain unto did we but walk with Him and become united to Him by faith. He adapted Himself to everybody with infinite skill. He entered the homes of the rich with blessing and tarried in the homes of poverty with the same benediction. He saw the need of woman and His treatment of her was infinitely beautiful, whether she came to Him with riches or clothed in poverty, whether she poured out precious ointment upon him or bowed at his feet as a guilty sinner, and He was really at His best when the woman taken in her sin tremblingly awaited either His condemnation or His forgiveness. But you will notice that while the world

stoned her and the law condemned her, Jesus forgave her.

He loved little children, and indeed all classes of people felt the touch of His power. Blind beggars received their sight; rich Zaccheus secured salvation for his entire household; Nicodemus was born again; Peter had a changed nature and a new name. By day He was moved with compassion and by night He prayed; and always and everywhere He loved.

It was my privilege during the Christmas season of 1907 to tarry in New York with my children. I had heard of the Salvation Army's distribution of gifts to the poor, and because I wanted my children to see another side of Christian work I sent a special request to headquarters asking that if possible a special place be reserved for them that we might plainly witness the bestowal of these gifts to the unfortunate. Almost as far as the eye could reach the lines of poor were stretched along the street. Then they filed into the armoury made ready for their coming and walked down a pathway divided by board rails on either side. Piled up to the ceiling were the baskets for the poor. The Salvation Army band played stirring music. The Salvation Army officers stood ready to pass out the baskets while the Commander of the army, Eva Booth, waited after coming from a sick-bed to do what she could to make the occasion memorable. Car-fare was given to the aged and warm clothing to the needy, but when the baskets were passed out on which the hands of the Commander had been placed and as the poor received them, the sight was never to be forgotten. One great burly negro kissed her hand; another aged

man bowed to kiss the hem of her dress, and at last there came a woman, beautiful of face but bent of form, her grey hair waved away from her temples, all the marks of refinement in her bearing, and all the evidences of poverty in her clothing. She addressed the Commander in French, and from her received a response in the same language, and then overcome with emotion she dropped upon her knees to kiss the foot of the Commander, as she stood raised above her. Every eye that witnessed it was full of tears. The impression made was profound. And this was but the expression of love on the part of these servants of Jesus. It is the spirit which the Church must have and above all it is the spirit which the ministers of the gospel must have if we are to win. When I was but a lad, in the State of Indiana, there was sent out a challenge from the city of Indianapolis asking for the most hopeless imbecile to be sent to the capital city. Finally a subject was secured and a distinguished doctor took the little boy into his room, placed him on the floor and then lay down by his side, in such a position that the light would strike on his face. Over and over he repeated the letters of the alphabet, but there was no sign of awakening intelligence. At last, however, after weeks and weeks of toil had been given, there came the faintest sign, and then another, and still another, and later I actually saw the child stand upon a pulpit platform in the city where I lived and I heard him recite the twenty-third psalm, and sing a hymn, and it was one of the influences that led me to the ministry, for I said if a physician with only an ambition to exhibit his skill could do this for an imbecile child, what

could not be done by one filled with the spirit of Christ in his effort to help suffering humanity.

LOVE'S FIELD

It is a great thing to be a Christian, not simply to sing psalms and pray prayers, but to live Christ. And I can conceive how it would be possible for any Christian man to gather men about him in a great organisation in either store or factory and, just because he was controlled by the spirit of Christ, lead them to think of God. I can conceive how a physician would be unwilling to begin his operation without prayer or make his visit without a word of heavenly counsel where the case was critical, and thus become a mighty preacher of righteousness. I can conceive of how a father on the one side could be like a man who stood on the Colorado Railroad, blinded with drink, holding his two little boys by the hand, in the way of an approaching express train, and the train struck him and killed him and his boys, for many a father like that is holding his boys by his life and his sinful career in the way of destruction. Or like a father, on the other side, who drove into a North Carolina town with a spirited team and a covered wagon. Leaving the team for a moment, he entered a store. They shouted to him, "Your team is running away." He rushed out and grasping the lines he was thrown to the ground. He laid hold upon the spokes of the wheel and was thrown again, but springing up he caught the end of the wagon, and bleeding and bruised he drew himself in. When the team was stopped they chided him for attempting to stop the runaway horses and

said, "Why did you do it?" He gathered up in his arms a little child who had been sleeping in the wagon and said, "I have saved my boy." Oh, for fathers like that desperately in earnest to save their boys. This is being a Christian. Or it is like a mother whose every thought is for her children after she has found Christ; whose every desire is to make them ready for heaven as well as ready for here.

"How many cares does the mother heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother."

Or it is like a sister who is so true and kind, so Christlike in all that she does, who bears her burdens without knowing that they are burdens—like the sister and her brother who followed the procession in the streets until the boy grew tired, too tired to walk home, and she gathered him up in her arms and started back, staggering under the load, when somebody stopped her and said: "He's heavy for you, isn't he?" and she replied with a smile, "No, sir; he's my brother."

Or it is like the son who would scorn to do evil because he would hurt others, who loves to be true because he could bring blessing to others, who in his pleasures and in his business seeks to be like Christ. All this is in the true sense being a Christian.

How I wish I could tell with more pathos this story of Jesus, that I might win you to Him who would fill

your soul with love and make your life its best expression. They tell in the south the story of Sam Davis, a Confederate scout who suffered death as a spy. It was in November, 1863, that he was captured. He was taken to Pulaski, Tenn., and thrown into jail. Then he was taken before General Dodge and was searched and valuable papers were found upon him. He was told that this was a serious charge and that he must tell where he got his information. He said, "I know it is serious, but I will take the consequences." He had a chance to escape, but he would not tell. He said to General Dodge, "You are doing your duty. I will do mine, and if I die I will die like a soldier." When the morning came they gave him fifteen minutes to change his mind, but he said, "If I had a dozen lives I would give them all rather than betray my trust," and so Sam Davis died. He wore an old overcoat, which he gave to the chaplain and asked to have it sent to his home. When I was holding meetings in Nashville, Tenn., and the Daughters of the Confederacy were in session, a gentleman took the old overcoat of Sam Davis and, unwrapping it in the presence of the Southern women, he said, "Ladies, this overcoat belonged to Sam Davis. He wore it the last morning of his life." One woman who knew him came forward, ran her fingers over the coat and burst into tears. Soon everyone was sobbing in memory of a noble life, and the coat had to be taken away, for the emotion at the sight of it was too great.

But this story of Jesus is infinitely more pathetic. For us He was cradled in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes; for us He lived at Nazareth and

suffered the reproaches of those who did not understand Him; for us He preached in Galilee and brutal men assailed Him; for us He suffered in Gethsemane and sweat drops of blood; for us He hung in agony upon Calvary and His heart broke. And I tell you His story that I may win you to Him and that He may send you forth to love in His name and thus to win back the lost to Himself.

VI

SEEKING A MAN

"The Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart."—
I SAMUEL xiii. 14.

IF we read this text in the light of David's life we become confused, for God hates sin, always has hated it, and always must hate it, and David is a sinner, yet we are told that it was he who was a man after the heart of God. If you read verses 13 and 14, "And Samuel said to Saul, Thou hast done foolishly, thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee; for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel for ever. But now thy kingdom shall not continue, the Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over his people, because thou hast not kept that which the Lord commanded thee." You will find that Saul was kingly in his appearance, for he towered head and shoulders above those who were round about him, and he was kingly in his ancestry, but that was not enough, for it has ever been true that kinship with the saved does not insure salvation. It is easy also in this story to learn the lesson that God is not dependent upon any individual. He can set Saul aside and His kingdom still move forward, and He may set you aside and the world's work will go forward as if you had never been a part of it; but if you read this text in the light of

David's whole life, then all is different. There is no confusion, and you can quite understand how God would love him, especially when he comes to the end of his great career.

Jacob is another illustration of the same thing. The other day in New York I saw them removing a scaffolding from a great building which had been in the process of construction for months. With the scaffolding about it the building was not remarkable, but when it had been removed the architectural lines were perfect; and when at the last Jacob stands forth with the scaffolding taken down, we appreciate his greatness, and when David appears before us chastened by his affliction and purified by his trials it seems that it is a worthy conclusion of a great life, and we understand the text.

His story is written in the 29th chapter of 1 Chronicles. The last years before his death he lived a life of quietness and peace, made provision for the temple, and then called his people about him to bless them, and fell asleep. It was a beautiful ending of a truly great life, and we must always remember that God sees the end from the beginning and deals with us accordingly.

When Peter first stood before Jesus he asked him his name and then said to him, "I will change your name and call you Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone," and if we had been present we might have well said, "Master, this man is most unlike a stone. It would be better to name him that which represents the sands of the sea, always shifting; or the clouds of the sky, always changing;" but when he stands at Pentecost with the waves of unbelief breaking at his

feet and is calling men to repentance, he is more like a stone than any figure that could be used. So God has named you and named me, not for what we are, but what we are going to be when His work is completed. "And David was a man after God's own heart," because God knew what he would be when his work was finished.

The Bible gives us a perfect picture of a perfect man. It has been said by someone that just as the photographer would make a composite picture by catching the expression of many faces and moulding them together, so the Bible in the story of Adam and Abraham and Moses and Joshua and David and Isaiah and all the other worthies of the Old Testament and the New, gives to us a completed picture of what man is at his best. Christ, however, is the ideal, and with Him set before us the Word of God gives us a picture of God bringing man on by steady progress to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. In the Bible we see man in his past and his present, and have a suggestion as to his future.

THE PAST

God finds him in sin and in his hopeless condition breathes into him eternal hope, and being dead in trespasses and sins He breathes into him the breath of his own life.

Sin is an awful thing. It weakens character.

An American traveller who studied and dwelt with some shiftless people in a poverty-stricken district of one of the Southern States, where the blight of the cruel deprivations and desolation of the Civil War was

particularly severe, said that in all that region not only the barns, houses, and fences, but all the people showed a strong inclination to lean up against something, and that all the inhabitants seemed to have "lost their grip."

The slangy colloquialism, "losing one's grip," is very forcible and expressive. The phrase, describing a physical relaxation involved in the inability to take a firm hold, is used very happily to describe mental and moral states denoting decadence, degeneration, and what physicians call an "atonic condition," or a feebleness that precludes the putting forth of successful effort of any kind.

A great city has thousands of men who have lost their grip and stamina. Every man with his eyes open knows of dozens or hundreds of men who are gradually sliding down toward the inevitable wreck and ruin of character and career, and losing their grip.

Some remarkable instances known to many people in a great Eastern city and to the people of the neighbouring States from which the unfortunates came have attracted attention recently as illustrations of the ease and completeness of the fatal descent. Two of the most prosperous lawyers in one of the chief cities of a State bordering on this now confine their operations to the streets of that city. Several years ago they constituted a well-known firm, and were at the height of prosperity and reputation. They were counsel for railroads and other corporations, chief counsel in many important causes, respected, envied, and masterful. One was a technical lawyer of high ability, and seemed destined for the United States Senate, so great was his

authority and political power. The other had filled a high office, and by reason of his standing, activity, and industry had opened a career for himself.

The senior member of the firm is now soliciting slight jobs and alms from old acquaintances who formerly met him in legal causes, and the other, with furtive glance and the trembling, eager kind of excitement which accompanies a frame unstrung by defeat and drink, is begging with the utmost importunity from the passers-by. Neither of them was what might be called evil at heart, or of naturally vicious tendencies, but not one had ever formed a character or tried to form one. They were good enough kind of persons, but had no sheet anchor rooted in firm principles of any sort, and when they began to fall they became indifferent, careless, and suffered eventually such an impairment of self-respect that they went down with extreme rapidity to a squalid ruin.

It defiles the life. Never was the delirium of alcoholism more vividly represented than it was a few months ago in the little rural theatre of Nemours, France. It was depicted in all its spasms of hideous torture by M. Chirac, a confirmed inebriate, but known to many playgoers of Paris, because a few years ago he was an actor of some repute. As the hideous depicter of the drunkard at Nemours he won the unstinted applause of everyone in the theatre. In the excitement of it women fainted and men grew pale. As the actor was carried off the stage at the end of the fearful scene men and women all over the house rose to their feet and cheered.

A few minutes later a hush fell over the little theatre

when the announcement was made from the stage that M. Chirac had died in the spasms and that the play was at an end. Then for the first time the audience realised that M. Chirac was not acting when he had represented the drunkard. He was actually in the convulsions preceding death from alcoholism.

He was a dramatist. He prostituted his genius and gave himself to that which was brutal on the stage. He came from a noble French family and might have been a truly great man, but he lived in direst poverty and at the last he miserably failed. Associating with the vile he became vile, consorting with the drunkard he himself became drunken, delighting in the impure he was overtaken by impurity. This is sin.

It mars the features. The sinner is an outlaw and bears the marks of destruction on body as well as soul. There is no contact that leaves its mark more distinctly upon the human features than the disfiguring touch of sin. It can mar the fairest countenance, quench the light from the brightest eyes, steal the freshness and bloom from the sweetest cheek, and so change and distort every lineament as to make the whole unrecognisable, even to the mother whose eyes are the last of all to be deceived.

There is no incident that more forcefully illustrates this than that connected with the painting of Leonardo Da Vinci's great masterpiece, "The Last Supper." Long and in vain had the artist sought for a model for his Christ. "I must find a young man of pure life," he declared, "before I can get that look on the face I want." At length his attention was called to a young man who sang in the choir of one of the old churches

of Rome, Pietro Bandinelli by name. He was not only a young man of beautiful countenance, but his life was as beautiful as his face. The moment he looked upon this pure, sweet countenance the artist cried out in joy, "At last I have found the face I wanted." So Pietro Bandinelli sat as the model for his picture of Christ.

Years passed on and still the great painting, "The Last Supper," was not finished. The eleven faithful apostles had all been sketched on the canvas, and the artist was hunting for a model for his Judas. "I must find a man whose face sin has hardened and distorted," he said, "a debased man, his features stamped with the ravages only wicked living and a wicked heart can show." Thus he wandered long in search of his Judas, until one day in the streets of Rome he came upon a wretched creature, a beggar in rags, with a face of such hard, villainous stamp that even the artist was repulsed. But he knew that at last he had found his Judas. So it came about that the beggar with the repulsive countenance sat as the model for Judas. As he was dismissing him Da Vinci said, "I have not yet asked your name, but I will now." "Pietro Bandinelli," replied the man, looking at him unflinchingly, "I also sat to you as the model for your Christ."

Astonished, overwhelmed by this startling declaration, Da Vinci would not at first believe it, but the proof was at hand, and he had finally to admit that Pietro Bandinelli, he whose fair, sweet face had been the inspiration for his great masterpiece, the face of Christ, had now become so disfigured by the sins of a lifetime that no trace was left of that marvellous beauty which before had been the admiration of men.

If such is the effect on the body, formed as it is, of the dull clay of the earth, what must not sin do to the real man made in the image and likeness of the God of all beauty?

It will undo all the refining influences of culture and education.

A young man, the son of a former United States Attorney-General, was arrested recently while attempting to break into a jewelry window. He was a human derelict, had been ruined by whisky and morphine, and he made the following statement about himself:

"Whisky and morphine have robbed me of my honour, my manhood, my home, my family, my friends, my heritage—all that I hold dear, all that made life worth living to me.

"I have dishonoured the name I bear, and my only consolation is that my father, one of the proudest men that ever lived, is dead, and cannot know of my infamy, and the disgrace I have brought on his name.

"He died in 1899, a year before the fiend of morphine got its grip on me. My mother died shortly after, so they do not know.

"I was born thirty years ago, and from the first my father determined that I should follow the profession of which he was so bright a light—the law. After a good elementary education I was sent to the famous St. John's in Washington, where I learned modern and ancient languages and was taught the elements of law.

"My father was elected to the United States Senate in 1874, but was debarred because he had fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War. The matter was carried to the Supreme Court, which ordered that he

be admitted to his seat, two years later. He was again elected and was finally Attorney-General of the United States. So I grew up in the highest circles of Washington, and when a youth I was personally acquainted with the greatest men in the country. It was in that gilded circle at Washington that I first learned to drink whisky."

This is sin, and this is man as Christ finds him. Resolution cannot make up for such a condition of affairs in the past and reformation will not answer for the sins of yesterday. At the best they can but touch the present and possibly the future, but the past needs an atonement, and nothing less than the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ will answer.

THE PRESENT

Finding him in sin the spirit of God begins the work of conviction and then leads on to contrition and from that to confession, and when the sinful man of yesterday yields himself to God, accepting Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, then marvel of marvels and wonder of wonders, the sins which have been piled mountain high are taken away, the guilt which has blighted with its very touch is removed, the transgressions which have broken and crushed the life of the past are forgiven, and the sinner of yesterday stands free from the law; oh, happy condition! And this is all because of what Jesus Christ has done for us in His atoning sacrifice upon Calvary. "He was made sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

There are some things in this world so dreadful that

we cannot look upon them, and so horrible that we cannot realise them, and so horrible that we cannot behold them without a shudder, but there is nothing in this world so dreadful to us as sin or the thought of sin to Jesus Christ, and yet He was actually made sin for us that He might become our Substitute. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." It is the old illustration of the scapegoat on the Day of Atonement, when the priest, laying his hand upon the head of the goat, confessed the sins of the people, and the goat, led by the hand of a fit person, was taken away into a land where no man was. So Christ has taken our sins from us farther than the East is from the West.

I was preaching in the City of Philadelphia some years ago when the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. called my attention to a man forlorn and dejected seated in the rear of the room. I went back to speak to him. He told me that he had been a professor of mathematics in a German university, that he had been slain by his appetite, and that he had made the wreck complete in this country. "But," said he, "something you have said gives me hope." The Association men bathed him with their own hands, clothed him with their own clothes, and he became a member of my church. Every Sunday morning for years in that church I met several hundred men before I went into my pulpit. These men came to talk with me and to have me talk with them about that which would encourage them in Christian living. One morning I told them that our sins were taken from us as far as the East is from the West, and then seeing this old professor before me I

said, "Professor, that is a mathematical proposition for you; how far is the distance from East to West?" He reached for his pencil and note book, when suddenly he stopped and burst into tears and facing the crowd of men he said, "Men, you cannot measure it, for if you put your stake here and East be ahead of you and West be behind you, you can go around the world and come back to your stake and East will still be ahead of you and West will still be behind you, for the distance," said he, "is immeasurable, and, thank God," he cried, "that is where my sins have gone."

With Jesus as a perfect sacrifice, and our definite acceptance of Him we are born again, or as St. John puts it, "Born from above." Christ comes in to dwell with us, his life is our life, and thus dwelling within us character is formed.

The men who lose their grip are the ones who have no moral stamina. It often happens that men of the weaker sort suffer a great impairment of character from disease, or misfortune, or advancing age; but the man with the character does not easily lose his grip from these causes, and the man with Christ cannot fail.

If a man have character he may defy the fates and adverse strokes of fortune. "Not education," says Spencer, "but character, is man's greatest need and man's greatest safeguard." Let the character be wounded and the vitality is taken out of a man; his resistance is gone; his system is fatally attacked; his vigour impaired. Character is the great tonic and non-conductor to misfortunes, and it is a man's inalienable asset. Take it away and loosen its functions and the man easily loses his grip and sinks into a hopeless con-

dition beyond the power of rescue. Character, too, is not dependent upon fortune or chance. All this may be true, but the only character that counts is that which comes from association with Christ and the yielding to his personal touch of influence. Because of His abiding, the will is strengthened, the heart purified, the life made beautiful and the soul saved.

THE FUTURE

For the unsaved without Christ let us remember that personal effort is really useless. Said a man of fortune the other day :

“When I die I shall leave my children a fortune, but when I think it over day after day I can only be ashamed of it all. I suppose I was no worse than the others; I know some were worse than I. I could always say, ‘It’s good business’; but I forgot that there was such a thing as a square deal. If I could get the better of an associate or a customer, or an employee, I did. Anything that I could do to attain my own success was good business; and I did it.

“I have given to charity, headed subscription lists, but it doesn’t satisfy me. I know what I have done wasn’t manly. Last night I sat with other so-called successful men. I studied them. When they can’t help thinking, they think just as I do.

“The modern success is rank failure. It has made this country rich; it has made it great; it has made its people selfish and unprincipled. I would give all I possess to-night if I could say, ‘I have given everyone a square deal. I have done no man wrong.’”

For the unsaved money is of no value. Men are

seeking it and make great personal effort to secure it; but on January 27, 1907, among those who were supposed to have perished when the Steamer *Valencia* went to pieces was J. B. Graham, a passenger, and with him went a bag containing \$1500 in gold. Survivors of the wreck say that Graham frantically offered the money to anyone who would place him on shore. But the others paid little heed to his pleadings, and his gold lay on the broken deck, kicked under foot, no one bothering even to pick it up.

"It was one time when gold would not buy what was wanted," said one of the survivors, as he related the story on the steamship *Topeka*. "I'm coming into a safe harbour without a cent. Why, even this shirt I have on belongs to another man, and I have not even a hat. But that bag of gold or this ship loaded with bullion would not tempt me into such a place again."

For the saved, effort will count because of association with Christ and because of his indwelling. Two men died in our country not long ago, the first was a success from one point of view, the material. He amassed a fortune of more than fifteen millions of dollars and kept most of it to the end. He flourished like the proverbial green bay tree and died in possession of his ill-got gains, for every dollar had a blood mark or a slime mark on it. Yet he was one of the most colossal failures American life has produced. "He failed as a husband, and his wife left him; he failed as a citizen, and went to jail; he failed as a business man, and was blackballed by the leading clubs of the world." Realising all this he made what amends he could by leaving his fortune to charity and the people

whom he had robbed. Compare his life with that of S. H. Hadley, who made shipwreck of his hopes in his early manhood, almost broke the hearts of those who loved him because of his sins, and then began to walk with Christ, and of all the men I have ever known, his life was the most beautiful. Every effort put forth counted for Christ, and a countless host in the United States and in the world rise up to-day to call him blessed.

For the saved, influence is always powerful. In April, 1907, an American of the name of Kenrick, and his wife, accompanied by two guides, ascended Point D'Ormy. The climb is a dangerous one at this time of the year owing to avalanches.

As they began to descend they suddenly slipped downward at an alarming speed. They had started an avalanche. The guides, to whom the Kenricks were attached by a rope, shouted to them to keep their feet and not to sit down. Their movement increased until they were going at express speed. Mr. Kenrick says:

"I thought every moment that we would be dashed to pieces, as I knew of the huge precipices on the flank of the mountain. I was in front, then came a guide, then my wife, and then the other guide. Suddenly I was brought up with a jerk which shook the breath out of me. We had stopped on a ledge, three yards from the brink of a fathomless depth into which the avalanche rolled with a roar. I turned and saw my wife lying senseless. A guide was rubbing her face with snow. We owe our lives to Guide Dupraz, who had dexterously clasped a projection of rock and clung to it, thereby bringing us up with a tremendous jerk on

the rope, which, fortunately, did not break. When the avalanche had passed, and my wife had recovered, we clambered to safety. Old Dupraz did not seem to be moved by the adventure, but he was pleased when my wife kissed him gratefully." But if this story can be true, what can be said of the Christian who, taking his stand for the right, holds his household by his influence, holds his business associates, holds a host of his friends. What if you should reject Christ as He stands waiting to receive you? It would be heartless.

Dr. Torrey has told the following story:

In the State of North Carolina was a poor farmer, who scratched and scraped to educate a bright son. That son overtopped everyone else at the district school, and the farmer said to his wife one day, "Our son is a good scholar, and, while we are poor, our son is bright and ought to have the advantage of a university education." And he made the effort, and sent him to the State University. Every little while the boy wrote telling his father and mother how well he was getting on, and as they got these letters they were very proud of their son, and it made their hearts glad. One day, when a letter came, the father said to his wife, "These letters are all right, but I would like to see our boy. But his wife said, "It is impossible. He can't come home and you can't go there. You can't afford it." The father said, "I have a plan; I am going to drive up to the university." He made up his mind to do it. It was a long drive. He went to bed early and got up by daylight and hitched up the old team and started for the university, travelling many a weary mile. But the old man's heart was light, and the journey didn't

seem long, for at the end of the journey would be his boy, who would be so glad to see him. "Won't he be surprised when I come; and won't he be glad to see me?" the old man thought.

As he approached the university and the team started up a hill, there coming down on the sidewalk were three young men, and as he looked at them he said to himself, "Why, one of them is my boy, and won't he be surprised and glad when he sees me?" He stopped his team and rushed up to his boy, who had two of his gay companions at his side, and the son was surprised, but he wasn't glad, but was ashamed of his old father in his plain farmer clothes before his two gay college companions. He straightened up and said, "There must be some mistake, sir. I am not your son. You are not my father. I don't know you. There must be some mistake." But he might as well have driven a dagger into the old man's heart. What do you think of a man like that? I am told, I am not sure that this part of the story is true, although we may well believe it, that the father went home with a broken heart and died.

But what if you should accept, then you would be saved and possibly your household too.

[When we were in Minneapolis a business man became highly indignant at the progress of the meetings, and positively refused to attend. His entire household felt the force of his opposition in the uncomfortable atmosphere which he created in his home, but at last he came to hear one of the evangelists and must have been impressed. No one spoke to him and no one thought of his accepting Christ and joining the Church,

When the following Christmas came and the presents had been given out, he called his household about him and said, "And now if you will come to my room I want to give you your special presents," and when the door was closed he said to his children, "I want to give you the present of a Christian father, for on this Christmas day I have yielded myself to Christ." Taking his wife in his arms he said, "And I will give you the present of a Christian husband, and if you will bow with me I will commend you all to God and we will erect a family altar."

If you will accept Christ such an experience as this might be yours, and not only you be blessed, but all your household and all your circle of friends.

VII

THE MAN WITH THE INK HORN

"Go through the streets of the City, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof."—EZEKIEL ix. 4.

THIS striking Scripture is a part of Ezekiel's vision and presents to us the picture of a city made desolate by sin, and at the same time gives us a vision of God's servant passing through the streets of a city and indicating all who would be saved from destruction. The mark was to be placed upon the forehead of the people who were sighing and crying because the homes were to be made desolate, the buildings laid in ruins, the Temple to be defaced, and everything already was dark and despairing.

If this servant of God should continue his journey to the present day and reach the city and town where you live, do you think He would set a mark upon you? He should do so because you are His followers, you have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and one day you must meet Him to give an account of your stewardship.

This text is an illustration of concern, and the mark to-day should be upon the face, which would show that we were not indifferent to the condition of those about us; in the voice, which would have the ring of real alarm; and in the attitude, which should pre-

sent one in the form of seeking after the lost. The whole church should be but a picture of a sighing and a crying because of the condition of the people and the cities where we live.

THE VISION NOT STRANGE

This same picture which we find in the text is revealed in other parts of the Word of God, as for example in the cry of Jeremiah when he exclaims, "Oh that my head were waters and that mine eyes were a fountain of tears that I might weep for the slain of the daughters of my people." Or again in Moses' plea for Israel when he asked God to permit them to return again to fellowship, and if they were not to return he asked, with a sob, that he himself might be blotted out of the Book which God had written. And again when David hears that Absalom is dead, and cries, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee," but it is not alone revealed in the Old Testament; it is the spirit of the New Testament, as for example when Jesus on the Mount of Olives looks down upon Jerusalem and exclaims, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not," and still again when the Apostle Paul expresses his concern for Israel in the statement that he is willing himself to be accursed from Christ for his kinsmen in the flesh. Then let it be remembered that we are not confined to the Old Testament or the New for our illustrations. This was the spirit of the Reformers, and of men and women whose name and fame the Church has ever delighted to honour. There

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is no place for indifference in the Church, but there is every place for the deepest of concern on behalf of the Church for the unsaved people on every side, and for those who, less fortunate than ourselves, are in deepest need of sympathy and help.

Every minister worthy of his high calling has had this spirit, and without it he has become professional, and his message resembles a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Dr. Jowett of Birmingham says: "A preacher is a herald; that is, he is a man with an imperial proclamation sent of God to declare certain truths, and he should never allow himself to be made afraid of those about him. He is an evangelist; that is, he is a man with a story to tell, and there never has been pressed into human language a story so matchless in its fulness and so marvellous in its power as the story of Jesus." He is a logician, a man engaged in reasoning concerning righteousness, temperance, and judgment, and again he is a conversationalist, with homely stories to tell, but he is supposed to be "all things to all men if by all means he might save some." I have many times wondered, if as ministers, we realised the horrible pit from which many men have to be delivered before they can know Christ and His fulness. This is a day when sin should be called *sin*, and the tone of the minister should in no way be uncertain. A trimmer is always to be disliked, but the worst place in the world for him is in the pulpit.

Not a great while ago in New York there was found one night the bruised body of Nellie Quinn. She had belonged to a good family in a New England City,

but she married and came to New York. Shortly afterwards she separated from her husband and then once again they were united in matrimony, then drink gripped her and she went down in hopeless despair. S. H. Hadley kept her at the McAuley Mission for two years, seeking to shield her; but the drink habit was too strong, and the other night they found her, maimed and bruised and torn, as if with the hands and teeth of some infuriated monster. This is sin, and against it we must preach with terrific force.

I have oftentimes wondered if we have a real sense of sympathy for those who are in sorrow.

I know of a man whose wife died, and he was the object of almost world-wide sympathy. Ministers journeyed miles to talk with him and to preach in his presence. They told him the death of his wife was the touch of God's hand of discipline, that he would arise from the ashes of his despair to a new power in the world, and he heard all their stories only to grow more despairing. But one day a minister had a special train stopped that he might alight at the little town where the broken-hearted preacher lived, and rushing over to his house, he ran up to the room where he was sitting in despair and throwing his arms around him he said with a sob, "I have come to tell you how sorry I am, oh, how sorry I am," and in five minutes he was gone, but the whole atmosphere of the room was changed and the sorrowing minister had a new glimpse of God and His love in the person of His representative.

I have many times wondered if we have to a sufficient degree a wooing note in our preaching.

Someone asked an old Scotch woman what she

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thought of Murray McCheyne's preaching, she hesitated a moment and then replied, "He preaches as if he was a-dying to have you saved." This is the spirit of the Scripture above quoted, and this is the secret of power.

Every disciple of Jesus should have the same spirit, if not then in our supposed indifference we will injure others. It is not necessary that we should be grossly inconsistent to hinder the work of the Church, but just to lack the spirit of concern.

There are 957 derelicts on the sea just drifting. Sometimes they drift from one side of the sea to the other, but a derelict is a vessel commanded by no captain, controlled by no crew, sailing from no harbour, and setting forth to no port. They are a menace to all navigation on the highways of the sea. Congress of the United States has authorised the construction of a vessel, the crew of which will be charged only with the commission to destroy those derelicts which are so dangerous. And there are many derelict Christians.

Mr. Spurgeon used to say, "I have no confidence at all in polished speech or brilliant literary effort to bring about a revival, but I have all the confidence in the world in the poor saint who could weep her eyes out because the people are living in sin and therefore dishonouring God."

GOD'S GLORY

We ought to live for the glory of God. That should be our supreme ambition and chief desire, and yet as a matter of fact many men have put God out of their thoughts and divorced Him from their plan of living.

They take His name in vain, and treat Him as if He were on a par with themselves.

In December, 1906, in a certain part of Russia, the action of the people recalled the French Revolution. There is a little village on the Baltic where they have issued a manifesto abolishing the rule not only of the Emperor, but of the Deity. The manifesto has been read in the Churches and in the popular Assembly Halls.

You would be afraid to write out such a manifesto as this, but there are many people in the world who act it out, if they have not written it in so many words.

There are those to-day who have put God out of their business, and yet no man has a right to a business in which he cannot take God as a silent partner, whose transactions will not bear the searching gaze of the Infinite Judge upon His throne. Because this is true, there ought to be the deepest of concern on the part of the Church.

Some have ruled God out of their pleasures, and there is no such thing as life if it is divorced from Him. Without Him all music has lost its sweetness, all flowers their fragrance, all art its power, and all living its joy. Because people have thus acted there should be concern.

Many have ruled God out of their souls, and because they have they are restless and striving for what the world cannot give. The little needle in the compass trembles until it points due north, and the soul will be overwhelmed with restlessness until it rests in God.

Other men have put God out of their homes. They,

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have not said so in so many words, but they have no family altar, there is no blessing at the table, there is no religious instruction given to the children, there is no Christian influence for the servants. Every home should be a type of heaven, but, alas, many are not, and because they are not there ought to be a sighing and a crying on the part of God's people.

There is great hope in a home.

A certain boy matriculated in one of the universities of the South. He was poorly clad. When this boy paid his board, tuition, and the price of second-hand books, he had just five dollars left. At the end of the fourth year he took the "A. B." degree. His poor, old widowed mother sold one of the plough horses to pay him through the fifth year. But at the end of that year he sat among the graduates, dressed in his plain brown linen coat and pants, and no vest. But he was the honour graduate, and at the head of the class. When a beautiful gold medal was handed to him, he stepped from the rostrum and walked straight to the back of the room, where, right by the door, sat a homely old woman in black, and tied the blue ribbon with the great glittering medal around her neck. She buried her wrinkled face in her old, drawn hands, and wept like a child. It seemed the applause would never die away. And now he has a high position at \$6,000 a year, his mother sits happily in the gloamings of a beyond, and the picture of her noble son hangs on the wall of his Alma Mater.

With such a home as this and such a mother, there is always power. There is great pathos in a home, It is unlike anything else in the world,

This little paragraph appeared the other day in a daily newspaper.

"To my boy who left home Monday night, September 16th.—My darling boy: If you see this, which I pray our Heavenly Father you may, please let your distressed mother know where you are.—MOTHER."

That was all. No name. Nothing to let the world know. Only the cry of a mother sent blindly out into the crowded streets. No syllable about whose fault it was. No blame. No reproach. Only the reaching out of a mother who cannot help loving her boy.

Perhaps there never was a boy really worthy of all his mother's love. But the mothers never care for that. They just keep on loving.

To every boy that pathetic little advertisement presents a question. How far are *You* from your mother? Not in miles—the other way? Couldn't you be just a little kinder, a little more thoughtful, a little closer friends? You don't know how far you've gone from her in the last few years. She does, though. Get back close to her. Some day you won't be able to, you know.

There is no love like the love of a mother, and where the father is right and the mother true the home is like heaven, but what we need to-day more than anything else is an old-fashioned home, with the father old-fashioned enough to be a priest in his household and the mother old-fashioned enough to be true to God and to her little ones.

"Thank God, some of us have, and others have had, an old-fashioned mother, a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in which the love-light

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shone and brown hair threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness; ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness.

"When in the fitful pauses of busy life, our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, standing once more in the low, quaint room, as hallowed as her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel in the molten sunshine streaming through the western window—just where long years ago, we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping, 'Our Father.' How many times when the Tempter has lured us on, has the memory of those sacred hours with mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from sin! Years have filled great drifts over between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love."

FOR THE CITY.

We cannot be indifferent to the condition and needs of the city or town where we live, and we are in a sense responsible for this condition; if we did not cause it we may have to cure it, and we must face this fact, for one day God will call us to a strict account.

Of all the evils which to-day need our attention that of intemperance is the greatest, and yet if we are to work in the cause of temperance we ought to remember that we are Christians.

I know of a minister who felt called upon to oppose the whisky influence in the town near where he lived,

He meant that this campaign should be most aggressive, but he wrote to all the saloon keepers in the city and told them he was a Christian, that he was against their business and not against them personally, that he would use all the influence he had to close up their business and to drive whisky from the city. The result was that every man in the community, especially the men in the saloon business, respected him and have since, in one or two instances, sought his counsel. It is a terrific menace to the good of any community. Every saloon must live at the expense of some mother or some broken-hearted father, and somebody's boy must be provided as the victim for the saloon.

I have a dear friend, Hon. John G. Wooley, who in speaking of the awful curse of intemperance says:

"I shall never drink again; but one night in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger, who pitied me, and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial, and my pain was gone in a minute or two—but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame!

"I should have got drunk that night if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody; of the bright, little home in New York; of Mary and the boys. I tried to pray and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone; and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat, and shouted, 'Drink, drink, drink!'

"It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island,

alone. I flew from saloon to saloon; they were shut up; so were the drug stores, and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight, and won it in the evening by the grace of God. But the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day."

And then in another place he says:

"Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the West, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston, 'I will arrive home to-night at eleven.' The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me.

"She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. 'What is it?' I cried, 'what is the matter?' And in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life. 'Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing, when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail; and to-night I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I

should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness and in this midnight through Kneeland Street alone.' And I say God forbid that we should fail to be concerned—when such an influence is working in the city."

There are many ways to make cities better. Some people speak of reformation, but the reform wave soon spends its force. There is no better way than to promote a great revival, and this may start with one man or two or a dozen. The great revival of 1857 started with one man on his knees in the City of New York, and the whole world still feels the power of that mighty movement.

THE INDIVIDUAL

There must be concern for the individual as well as for the city and the nation, and it is true as a rule that the unsaved people are just as much interested in their own condition as the Church people are interested in their behalf. The most hopeless have responded to such a concern.

It was in the Rescue Home in the City of New York where a young girl was the inmate. She had been robbed of her innocence almost in her babyhood, and as a girl she never had learned even the A, B, C of morality. Her brutal parents, her fiendish friends, and her filthy surroundings had landed her in the deepest of depravity. The matron of the Home, after extinguishing the light in the building, looked into the room where she was supposed to be sleeping and the bed was empty. After much searching she found her under the bed trying to sleep, and piteously the girl exclaimed,

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"Oh, ma'am, such as I could never get into that; I have never seen anything so white before." The matron took her in her arms, held her as a mother would hold her child and she gave herself to Christ.

The other day an ex-Congressman came to the Salvation Army Headquarters profoundly moved in behalf of his child. "My daughter," he sobbed, "my beautiful, accomplished Mina, she is gone. Gone from her home of comfort, her life of protection and her father's God, and gone into the darkness of despair." Months after she was discovered in a house of horror too despairing to listen to persuasion or pleading. And her father learned that she had been found and had gone to see her, but he cried, "She is so changed; her beautiful hair is all matted, her beautiful skin is all bloated, her wonderful eyes are clouded, her sweet face has turned coarse. I could scarcely believe that it was my Mina. You must get her back." And they did, and the other day, clothed and in her right mind, she was seen accomplishing her daily tasks, surrounded by all the comforts of a home.

Rich and poor alike have responded to concern on their behalf, and there can scarcely be a sin greater than for the Church to realise the possibilities of a saved soul and the danger of one out of Christ, and yet appear to be indifferent. Why should we not be interested in others? Just a kindness counts.

"Do a kindness, do it well;
Angels will the story tell.

"Do a kindness, tell it not;
Angel hands will mark the spot.

"Do a kindness, though 'tis small;
Angel voices sing it all.

"Do a kindness, never mind!
What you lose the angels find!

"Do a kindness, do it now;
Angels know it all somehow.

"Do a kindness any time;
Angels weave it into rhyme.

"Do a kindness, it will pay;
Angels will rejoice that day.

"Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs of birds."

But this is more than kindness. This is the work the angels would like to do, and this is the work that Jesus Himself set about doing when He was here in this world.

There are two reasons why we should be concerned in behalf of those who are away from Christ, the first of which is, we owe it to Him. He is entitled to the very best of our hearts' affection.

There was once an old artist who painted pictures of rarest beauty. Their distinguishing characteristic was their red glow. He seemed to understand colours as none of his artist friends had learned them. Other artists asked him for the secret, but he shook his head and said, "I cannot tell." One bought costly pigments, thinking he had learned the secret, and another read books of other artists and felt that he had solved the mystery, but their pictures faded almost as soon as they were painted. And the old artist painted on and on, his pictures grew redder and redder while he

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became paler and paler. One day they found him dead, and when they dressed him for his burial on his left breast and just above his heart was a wound which had only been drawn together by his death, and then they learned the secret; he had painted his pictures with his heart's blood, and this Saviour of ours is worthy of every impulse of our wills and every power of body and mind and the last drop of our heart's blood that we can give to Him.

Then we owe it to the world. He is a wonderful Saviour, and He can set all men free if they but know about Him. There has been many a heroic service rendered here in this world by faithful men and noble women, like the story which appeared in the *Minneapolis Journal* of October, 1907.

The paper states that "Dorothy Marlow, a nurse in the City Hospital, died of scarlet fever on Tuesday. She came to the institution last March, and in due time it fell her turn to enter the quarantine ward. The nurses in the quarantine ward attend the cases of contagious disease, and are completely isolated from the rest of the hospital and the world generally. They live with their patients night and day.

"But it happened that the very day Dorothy Marlow entered the quarantine ward, which was a week ago last Monday, there was brought in a little boy desperately sick with scarlet fever. It was an extremely malignant case, and the doctors were of the opinion that the little fellow couldn't possibly pull through.

"But Dorothy Marlow did not falter. When she heard the doctors say that the boy was practically doomed she only saw her opportunity.

“‘It’s my first case of scarlet fever,’ she said. ‘I’d rather die myself than lose it.’

“But she wasn’t without her misgivings. That night late she spoke to a wakeful patient in the ward, saying that she felt a premonition which told her she would take the disease. ‘If I do, I shall die,’ she said. ‘A number of my family have died of scarlet fever. They all have a predisposition to it.’

“Still she stood by her little boy, hanging over him to minister promptly to his every want, depriving herself of her needful rest in order to be at hand to take advantage of any favourable moment.

“On Thursday last she had to take to her bed, at last, and from the first there was almost no hope, for the same malignant type which the boy had exhibited speedily developed with her. She lingered until Tuesday evening, when she died. But the little boy is getting well, and she knew before she died that her first case of scarlet fever was to be her last, but she had not lost it. But that doesn’t tell the whole story by any means.

“Dorothy Marlow was only twenty years old and a strikingly handsome young woman, the very picture of health, admirably fitted in every way for the work she had chosen.”

This made an impression upon the city, but it is as nothing compared with the impression that would be made if men could only be true to Jesus Christ. We owe it to the world to make Him known, and when He is known, the most hardened of sinners will yield to His power.

Mrs. J. K. Barney has given us the story of “the

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man who died for me." She says it was out in the mountains on the Pacific Coast that there dwelt a man who was dying of consumption; so vile was he that no one would stay with him. "Sin had left its awful mark upon his face, and he was so weak and helpless that he could not move and seemed to be literally starving. As my friend's shadow crossed the door and she spoke to him, he cursed her. She mentioned his mother and his wife and he cursed them. For two weeks she visited him, and he did not show the gratitude that a dog would show to one who had helped him. Then she ceased visiting, but one day she said, 'I started up again.' On my way over the mountains a woman and a little child, much against my will, went with me. They waited outside the cabin while I went within. The child was talking to her mother when suddenly the man said, 'What is that?' My friend said, 'It is a little girl.' 'Would you mind letting her come in,' he said, and as she came in she looked like an angel, her bright face framed with curls that were beautifully golden. He laid his hand upon her head and said, 'I had a little girl once and she died. She loved me when nobody else did. If she had lived it would have been different, but I have hated everybody since her death.' Then my friend knew that she had the key, and she told him that Jesus had taken his child to protect her, that He had simply taken her home, that he might see her, for said she, 'Jesus died for you that you might live,' and the dying man said to her, 'Pray for me now and pray quick, and tell Him that I want my little girl again.' Suddenly the man was completely changed. The miners from the moun-

tains came in to see him and held a meeting with him. When they were with him one night, he suddenly lifted himself up and said, 'Boys, you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes and carries off the dirt and leaves the gold, well that is what the Man did Who died for me.'

"Two weeks later he died. Two miners sat by his side as he passed away. They said that just before he departed he brightened up about midnight and smilingly said, 'I'm going, boys, good-bye. I am going to see Mamie and the Man that died for me.'"

Is not a Saviour like that worth having, and it is such a Saviour as this that we may present to the world. Without Him the case is hopeless.

VIII

A CHOSEN FEW.

"I and some few men with me."—NEHEMIAH ii. 12.

THIS is an Old Testament story which is full of advice for Christian workers. It is the account of a mighty revolution in a single city, and it all began in the concern of one great soul for the city lying in ruins and filled with despair.

The Scripture above quoted is a description of every great work in history. Mighty movements do not begin as a rule with a multitude, but rather with individual souls. If Nehemiah had been followed by the crowd as he went to view the desolation of Jerusalem he undoubtedly would have been disheartened, but when the city was lying waste, this cup-bearer to the king, with a sad countenance and a few attendants, went to view the ruins, and the Scripture is an illustration as to how the work was carried forward. What has been done in the past may be accomplished again in the future, and there is a call to-day for service such as the world has never known. A selfish Gospel is not the Gospel for the present age. To be saved one's self, and to be satisfied with that, is unworthy the name of Christ and discredits the spirit of Christ. This reconstruction of the City of Jerusalem is highly suggestive.

It began with the concern of one man. There is no place for either indifference or selfishness in the Church.

Out of such concern as filled the soul of Nehemiah great movements have been born. The revival of 1800 began with one man upon his knees. There was an aged man in the State of Pennsylvania, who became deeply concerned for his State, and the then known Christian world. He was known as the "Praying Elder." His name was Peter Jackson. He had a little hut in his woods, and back and forth to this hut he trudged daily and sometimes spent the night there upon his knees pouring out his soul in an agony of prayer, and as a result a wave of revival started, the force of which is felt to-day in the existence of some of the mightiest agencies the Church has ever known. Everywhere there is the direst need of service.

The other day in Chicago a little baby died in a home where there was the greatest poverty, and the poor father, distracted because he could not bury his child, nor could he beg money to give it a decent burial, started with the little body in his arms and intended to cast it into the furnace, and was only stopped by someone who made plain to him the enormity of his sin; but to the one who stopped him he said that he was driven to this frantic position because there seemed no one to answer the cry of his breaking heart.

[There are so many wrongs to be righted, there are so many hearts that are breaking, there are so many homes that are desolate, that the call comes to us to-day more clearly and more emphatically than ever before. It is a sad thing to have it to say that too many of us doubtless are indifferent to this call.

This work of the reconstruction of the City of Jerusalem started with a few, and great movements are

always thus inaugurated. We need not wait for the multitudes to start with us if we expect to accomplish much for God; that is not the way that daring deeds are accomplished. The call too is loud and clear for workers. Is it nothing to you as a Christian that on every side there is an open door of opportunity for the uplift of humanity, for the bearing of others' burdens, for the dressing of others' wounds, for the healing of breaking hearts?

Not long ago in New York there was a great fire. The great building was so quickly wrapped in flames that escape seemed to be impossible. The imprisoned people within the structure came to the windows and called for help to be given them. Some became unnerved and threw themselves out from the windows. Heroes developed at that time. Lieutenant Bonner, son of a former fire chief, ascended the almost red-hot fire escape five times. Four times he came down with a woman or child in his arms. The fifth time he was making for the street with an unconscious woman when his strength gave out. He staggered and would have fallen to death had not a comrade come to his assistance.

As Bonner reached a fourth story window on one of his ascents and dragged a little girl from a window where she stood surrounded by flames, she pleaded with him to let her escape and go in after her little brother, whom she had carried to the window. He had fallen unconscious and was roasting, she said. Bonner jumped through the window, and it seemed to those below as if he was going into a furnace. He found the little boy just inside the window and carried him

out. And it is inconceivable that a paid employee of a city should exhibit such heroism as this, simply because the call was emphatic and the need was great, and we should sit with folded hands in Church when all about us the cries are coming to us with equal force.

It was a journey in the night; this we read in the 12th verse of the 2d chapter. In a sense this is the day time of the Church. To the eye of faith the Church is a glorious Institution, what she has accomplished in the past has never been equalled in the world's history, and what she may be able to accomplish in the future God alone can tell, because it is so great, and yet I question if there has ever been a time when there are so many clouds in the sky to darken the horizon. There are the most serious problems to settle—the temperance question, the question of social purity, the mad rush for wealth, the suffering of the people on every side.

Some time ago there was a book announced in a catalogue, entitled "Martyrs Omitted by Fox." If the subject be at all adequately treated, this should be a mighty story. For in every city, town and village there are martyrs who suffer heroically every day. Fettered by invisible chains, scorched by slow fires of cruel persecution in speech and deed, scourged by secret wrongs, and injustices, made to pass through poverty and disease, without ever passing into fame or notoriety, they are real but unsung martyrs, knowing the pang, but never seeing here the palm. Each of these is a call to us for help and from whom we cannot turn away as the true followers of Jesus Christ.



There was in this story also revealed the enthusiasm of the Leader. Nehemiah said, "Come, let us rebuild," and the few men with him exclaimed, "Yes, let us rebuild," "and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof, for the people had a mind to work." Our Leader in this great work is Jesus. He has never been equalled and never can be surpassed.

After the Battle of Lookout Mountain, when the Federal troops cleared the heights with a dash that was irresistible, General Grant sent to General Wood and asked, "Did you order the charge?" He said, "No." To Hooker and to Sheridan the same inquiry was put, and from them the same response was received. The fact was that the men were filled with such enthusiasm that nothing could have stopped them. They leaped to the fray, defying danger and death, and when the victory was gained, were filled with glad wonder at it. When the Church of Christ is filled with enthusiasm for the conquest of the world it will go forward whether earthly leaders give the word of command or not.

The success of this work was great. There were two secrets to the success. The first was that the people had a mind to work, and when this is true naught can stand against the moving army. The second was that each built over against his own house, and this is ideal. It is useless to talk about helping others when those who live with us need the help which is denied them. It is heathenism to talk of preaching to the heathen when there are broken hearts in our own household needing comfort which is denied them.

"Just where thou art lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs thy heart,
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand
To lift, to save, just where thou art."

Twenty-two years ago Lough Fook, a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in the South American mines, sold himself into slavery for a term of five years and was transported to Demerara that he might carry the Gospel to his countrymen there.

He toiled in the mines with them, and preached Christ as he toiled, till there were scores of whom he could say, as Paul of Onesimus, "whom I have begotten in my bonds." He died about twelve years ago, but not until he had won to the Saviour nearly two hundred disciples, whom he left behind in membership with the Christian Church. To a Christian Chinaman belongs the honour of coming so near to his Master in actual deed, for "He took upon Him the form of a slave." It is this spirit which will always win out in our service under the direction of the Leader of Leaders, Jesus Christ.

SERVICE NEEDED

It is needed for those who are about us, for whether we will or no we are our brother's keeper. God will one day call us to account for the fact that while we may have had a general conception of the need of the world, our eyes have been blinded to the condition of those about us and our ears have been stopped to the cry of those who are at our own doors.

But it is needed more for ourselves.

For it is impossible to be as we ought to be if we are doing little or nothing for Christ.

In one of the rooms of the Tursi Palace, now devoted to municipal uses, is preserved under a seal a precious Guarneri violin of Paganini. Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, visiting Genoa, asked to be allowed to play on the instrument. The mayor granted the request and invited members of the aristocracy and several musicians. Kocian played one of Bach's airs and a concerto of Paganini. The audience was greatly impressed. The violin was then replaced in the glass box, where it has rested sixty-five years, and was again sealed in the presence of the spectators. It is rather a pity that this magnificent violin, which was thrilled at the touch of a master's hand, should live upon its past glories and be locked in its glass case, and yet many a so-called child of God is like that, and for the music which might thrill in their lives and the comfort and inspiration which might come from their presence, if the obligation is not met, there will be an accounting at the judgment seat of Christ.

THE KIND OF SERVICE

It is tested service we must render.

The most novel as well as the most intricate and the most important piece of machinery in operation upon the Exposition grounds at St. Louis was an apparatus for testing the strength, speed, and other qualities of railway locomotives, and the results of which are automatically recorded—power, speed and resistance are all thus determined.

Resting upon a secure foundation of solid concrete

is a set of wheels exactly similar in size and arrangement to those of the standard locomotive. It is reached by ordinary tracks and switches, and the locomotive to be tested comes in under its own steam and runs along upon a set of false rails until its wheels are poised exactly above the centre of the fixed wheels of the testing machine. It is then carefully lowered until the tires of the locomotive and the tires of the machine wheels come in contact. The false rails are then removed, the engine is coupled to an immovable wall, the steam is turned on and the wheels of the locomotive begin to revolve upon the supporting wheels, to which are attached, by delicate apparatus, dynamometres that automatically record the speed, the resistance, and the strength of the locomotive upon rolls of paper ruled for that purpose.

An engineer sits in the cab, a fireman is constantly shovelling coal into the furnace, columns of black smoke rise from the stack, and the steam hisses and whistles, and you can feel the throb of the heart of the powerful creature forty feet away. It quivers and pants and struggles, and the wheels revolve at the speed of a mile a minute, but it does not move an inch. Twenty-five or thirty men in greasy jumpers move about observing closely every feature of the test, and their ears as well as their eyes are alert, for the slightest change of sound is significant. They notice the valves, the oil cups, the indicators; they inspect the quality of the coal and the manner of combustion, and when the test is completed they can compute the value of every ounce of fuel that has been consumed and can tell you exactly what the locomotive can do

and what it will cost to do it. Alden dynamometres measure time, distance, load, and consumption of fuel. The energy which the engine shows is automatically recorded upon a web of paper, and the testers can regulate the load and the speed just as if it were actually upon the track.

I can quite understand how such a tested locomotive would say, if it could speak, "What does all this turning of wheels and puffing of smoke and steam mean? Here for hours all the machinery in my makeup has been moving and I have progressed not an inch over the track," but when the testing is over and the locomotive is set to doing the service which it can so easily and profitably render, pulling the great and important freight train or carrying the 20th Century Express, I can hear the locomotive say, "Now I understand the testing."

IT IS TRIED SERVICE

A party of travellers journeying through Japan, a few years ago, came upon an old artist in ivories. Among the carvings which he showed was one most exquisite piece for which he asked one hundred dollars. The price was not at all high for the work, and one of the party at once agreed to take it. Before surrendering it, however, the artist examined it minutely and the result of the examination was the discovery of a tiny imperfection, which he pointed out.

"That will make no difference," the traveller answered. "No one but you would ever have discovered it; it need make no difference in the price." "It is not a matter of price," the artist replied, "no

imperfect work ever goes from me at any price. I cannot sell you this."

The traveller, incredulous, urged again his plea that none but the artist's eye could ever see the blemish; he even offered a higher price still, but to all his arguments the old artist had but the one reply—he could not give his name to imperfect work; it was impossible. And from this decision nothing could move him.

How the spirit of the heathen artist rebukes us! Nothing was allowed to go from his shop that was not the best that he and those working with him could do, but we—what poor, half-hearted, shabby work we allow to bear the Master's name!

And above all things it is a service inspired by love. In a recent Book entitled, "The Social Message to the Modern Pulpit," the author says, "In these days men are saying 'Money talks,' and the expression means that money can say more and say it more effectually in inspiring men to action than any other voice, but this is not altogether true. Men will do much for material gain, but when money comes out into the open and talks in its loudest voice, it is altogether feeble when compared with the voice of love," and the author says, "Some years ago there was a wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the engineer was scalded to death. While he was dying he called to a passing brakeman and said, 'Get the red lamp and go back and flag Number forty-nine.'" It was love for his fellow-sufferers in the wreck and for those on Number forty-nine who might be wrecked that made him say it.

In the same wreck the dining car conductor, with both legs broken, dragged himself along by the side of the track until with a portion of his coat, which he tore off, he plugged up the escape valve of the wrecked engine to prevent those who were in peril from being scalded. It was love that made him do it.

A new crusade is needed in these days led by the consecrated members of the Church. There is a call to service such as we have never known before.

It is said that when the Russians were ready to build a railroad between Moscow and St Petersburg they laid a map before the Czar. With his pencil the Czar traced the route, he gave an order, and the work was begun.

And if this statement is true, as undoubtedly it is, what answer shall we make Him who bids us go forth, conquering and to conquer, who tells us that our mission is as wide as the world and promises to go with us every step of the way until at last we shall enter into His presence to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

IX

ANOTHER MILE

*"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him
twin."*—MATTHEW V. 41.

THE Sermon on the Mount is incomparably great, if indeed you can speak of any message of Jesus in terms of comparison. There never has been anything like it since it was spoken, and I am sure that we are quite safe in saying that there never was anything like it before its utterance. It is great in its preacher. He came to speak to the world the greatest truths of God, and yet they were couched in such familiar language and brightened up with such perfect illustrations that the dullest in his company understood his message. Little children heard him gladly and the wayfaring man, though a fool, had no occasion to err concerning the truth.

We know something of the effect of His words upon the people from the statement made in the 7th chapter of Matthew and the 28th and 29th verses, "And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

PRACTICAL

It was great in its practical teaching. All of it may be lived. I am quite familiar with that interpretation of this sermon which makes it the code of the coming

Kingdom of our Lord and am also familiar with the statement that when the Kingdom is ushered in all its power and fulness that the truths here presented will control all those who are the subjects of the Kingdom and of the King; but at the same time I am persuaded that it would be possible for us with the help of Christ to live day by day the great principles which He here lays down, and I am also persuaded that living these principles our lives would be keyed to the music of Heaven and all with whom we came in contact would be impressed with the power of our Christian profession and with the beauty of His character who has become the inspiration of our lives.

POWERFUL

It is great also in its power to live. The sermons of men grow old. Not so this Sermon on the Mount. I felt quite inclined recently to commit to memory the sermon preached years ago by Edwards entitled, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It seemed to me that the truth which he then presented was to-day a neglected truth, and that we needed to be warned concerning the sinfulness of sin, and I am still of this opinion, but when I began to try to commit to memory the message of this mighty preacher I was soon convinced that the sermon in itself, while its truth was still great, was in its expression and vocabulary not for this generation. Again I say, the sermons of men grow old and pass out of date, not so the sermons of Jesus. It seems as if it had been preached but yesterday, and one can quite imagine as he sits studying it that he is himself upon the mountain-side at the

feet of the great teacher, and is listening to Him speak the Beatitudes, which as Joseph Parker says are like little wicket gates into the kingdom and so arranged that if you pass through one somehow you have gone through them all. This sermon throbs with life as no other sermon the world has ever heard, but there are some special reasons why I should say it was a great sermon.

We wait for conventional places in which we may preach, some of us must have a church before we can do our best, and stand behind a pulpit in order that our message may be well delivered. Jesus was not such a preacher. Wherever there was a sky there was a roof, wherever there was an individual in need there was an audience. Wherever human hearts called for help He was always near, and the wonderful thing about Him is that He always spoke the right word at the right time and men went on their way rejoicing.

After His spoken words were ended it should not be forgotten that the Sermon on the Mount was followed by words of mercy. In the 8th chapter of Matthew and the first three verses we read, "And when he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

You will doubtless remember that in the Old Testament times the garments of glory and beauty worn

by the High Priest had a peculiar adornment on the hem of the robe, there was a golden bell and a pomegranate, then a golden bell and a pomegranate, until golden bell and pomegranate met and the adornment was completed; and as the High Priest moved to and fro the golden bells chimed their sweetest music and the people understood that their reconciliation with God was being made complete. It should be noticed, however, that in this adornment there was as much fruit as sound, and this beautifully illustrates the ministry of Jesus. He was a mighty preacher, but he descends from the mountain-side and turns away from those who have listened to him that He may heal a leper. No wonder people heard him gladly. They were weary of the Scribes, they were tired of the formality of the teachers of the day, they had been fed long enough upon the husks, and they were quick to detect in His message the word of life. What Jesus said may be set in every language that has been spoken. Not so the words of other men. It is said that there are tongues into which you cannot drive Milton and that there are languages to which Shakespeare is a stranger, but the words of Jesus go everywhere and fit themselves into all languages with perfect ease. If the Beatitudes are like little wicket gates into the Kingdom, then which is yours? Joseph Parker has said, "Mine is hunger, for I find myself," he said, "hungering day after day for righteousness." To my mind, however, the Beatitudes are like rounds in a golden ladder reaching upward. The first is poverty of spirit, and this is as it should be, for one never takes a step up until first of all he takes a step down.

He must come to the end of himself before he appreciates God. The last round of the ladder is persecution, and this is as it should be. There is not much persecution at the bottom of the ladder. It is only as we rise higher and higher in Christ that we are apt to meet with opposition. Jesus told his disciples this, "Marvel not if the world hate you; it hated me before it hated you." It should not be forgotten that they who are to enjoy the blessing of the Beatitudes are not the mighty nor the rich nor the noble; they may if they will, yet they are not specified, but the enjoyments and privileges are for the poor in spirit, they that mourn, they that hunger and thirst, they that are merciful and the peacemakers, so there is a chance for us all.

INFLUENCE

This sermon is great in its influence. It touches every part of our lives. Have you noticed that its admonitions are given regarding those who have active influence? The salt and the lights are used as figures, and for those who have a passive influence the city set upon the hill is an illustration. The sacredness of the Word of God is presented. "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, but whosoever shall do and teach them the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Matthew v. 19.*

Sin is set before us not only as an open violation of the law, but anger without cause is murder and the look of lust is adultery.

There are suggestions here as to giving, "Take

heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven.”—*Matthew* vi. 1.

There are hints as to praying. “But when ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.”—*Matthew* vi. 7-8.

There are warnings as to criticisms. God pity the Christian who is harsh and severe. “Judge not that ye be not judged.”—*Matthew* vii. 1.

THE HEART OF THE SERMON

It is all superb, but I like best of all those words which are found in the 5th chapter of *Matthew* and the 38th to the 42d verses inclusive, “Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.” I believe that this truth may be practised literally. It is said that George Müller lived according to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. We may set it before us as an ideal and with the help of God we may surely attain unto it, but of course this presupposes the new birth. I would not by any means suggest that if one simply

lived a kindly, generous, loving life, modelled as closely as possible after the Sermon on the Mount, that he is of necessity acceptable to God. As a matter of fact we cannot live this truth except we be born again.

Riding through the wood of northern Wisconsin some time ago a friend of mine asked me to estimate the height of a great tree. I failed in my estimation miserably, and then he informed me that it was 125 feet high and at the same time said that the woods had been culled, that is the salable and marketable trees had been taken away, and I said, "What is the matter with this one?" He said to me, "Let your eyes run up to the top and you will see a dead limb. Wherever that is to be seen it is a clear indication that the tree is decayed at the heart."

So if you are constantly doing unkind things, giving way at the same point to petty sins or to greater transgressions, it is one of the clearest indications that your heart is not right in the sight of God; on the other hand if you are constantly doing generous things, day by day growing in grace, it may be an indication that you have already accepted Jesus Christ as your Saviour and your life. However, let me say again that in order that we may live lives pleasing to Him we must be born again.

THE SECOND MILE

The text is a striking passage of Scripture and is full of meaning. The proper interpretation of it and the practical living of it would revolutionise every Christian life.

It is said that in the olden days it was the custom if one was travelling through a strange country and did not know his way, if he should meet along the way one who may have been going in the opposite direction, and knew the country, it was possible for the stranger to stop the one he met on his journey and compel him to become his courier. The law made it obligatory for the man who knew the way to lay down his burden, to turn aside from his own journey, however imperative it may have been, and go with the stranger just one mile. At the end of that one mile he could stop and could not be compelled to go one foot farther. Jesus must have had this in mind and so among other things said to his disciples, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile go with him the second mile. The first mile was law, the second grace; the first mile you are compelled to go, the second mile you choose of your own accord to travel, and it is this second mile Christianity which the world needs to-day, and second-mile living which would compel weary pilgrims to turn their faces Christward, who is himself always the inspiration and example of the second mile.

OVERFLOWING LIVES

The fact that you are a Christian may not of necessity prove that you have power. It is only when your life overflows that power is in your possession. The valley of the Nile is a fruitful valley not because the Nile flows through it, but because the Nile overflows in it. The world is sighing for this spirit of the second mile, which is the spirit of love, and this Jesus was constantly presenting to his disciples.

One of my friends, Mr E. O. Excell, has recently written the following poem and set it to music. To my mind it must awaken a responsive chord in many a heart:

"Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear their sighing
For a little bit of love.
For the love that rights a wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
They have waited, oh so long,
For a little bit of love.

"From the poor of every city,
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pity,
For a little bit of love.
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share.
Shall they falter and despair
For a little bit of love?

"Down before their idols falling,
For a little bit of love
Many souls in vain are calling,
For a little bit of love.
If they die in sin and shame,
Someone surely is to blame
For not going in His name
With a little bit of love.

"While the souls of men are dying,
For a little bit of love,
While the children too are crying
For a little bit of love,
Stand no longer idly by,
You can help them if you try;
Go then, saying, Here am I
With a little bit of love."

The second mile is the spirit of Jesus. In Ephe-

sians the 3d chapter and the 20th verse we read, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." I know of no better illustration of His spirit. He is able to do, that is the law of His nature and is like the first mile, but He is able to do abundantly, yea more. He is able to do exceeding abundantly, beyond this He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask, and then as if to exhaust language we read, "He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or even think."

It is the practice of Jesus. He fed the multitudes. This was the law of His nature. He is always helping those who are in distress and relieving those who are in embarrassment, but the second-mile spirit is seen in the fact that He commanded them to sit down, for He would have them comfortable.

One of my dear friends now in glory who used always to see the fine things in the Bible which a woman's faith permits her to behold and which sometimes a man's shortness of vision hides from him, said to me one day, "Have you ever noticed that He commanded them to sit down in ranks of fifty?" and she said, "It is as if Jesus had looked over the multitude and said, 'Fifty of you must know each other, sit down together and eat,'" and whether this be the correct interpretation of this passage or not it is the correct interpretation of His nature.

He saved Zaccheus. It is His nature to save. He came into the world to seek and to save, and to have

saved one man would have been in our judgment quite enough, but Jesus commands Zaccheus to descend from the sycamore tree, goes with him to his own house and gives the second-mile treatment when He says, "This day is salvation come to your household." He walks with the men to Emmaus and opens up unto them the Scriptures, explaining the things concerning himself. This was like the first mile and the law of His nature, but He will not leave them without the second mile; He sits down to eat with them and blesses them. Whoever came to Jesus for just one blessing and departed with one? Not one of us. It has been true from the very first that when we sought Him we received more than we could ask and even think. We came for pardon and found peace, with peace came justification, with justification came adoption, and with adoption all the blessings of the children of God. Jesus' treatment of us is always in the spirit of the second mile.

"You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know;
For all the work was His, not mine to show.
He came below,
'And in His love divine He suffered, died,
And shed from out His sacred, wounded side,
By blood and water sealed, baptismal grace,
In which—by faith—He bade me see His face,
I do not know; 'tis He alone can tell you how;
I only know He loved me first, I love Him now."

This is love and this is like the second mile; because of it my own heart is on fire and I can but believe that the world is waiting for the experience of second-mile living. This spirit of which I am speaking and this

love I am upholding would solve every problem of the present day. People in all conditions of society recognise the importance of law and the necessity for its enforcement. It is the second mile they long for. Difficulties between capital and labour would soon be settled on this basis.

PRACTICAL LIVING

Lord Shaftsbury wanted to help the poor of London. His spirit was right, but his fine raiment and evident marks of refinement were as a barrier between him and the lost. Then he became a costermonger and came nearer to them. One day a man applied for membership in a London church and gave the story of his conversion. "I was standing," he said, "under the shadow of St Paul's at midnight a broken-hearted man. I had fallen again and again, when the Earl put his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'Don't be discouraged. Jack, you will be a man yet,' 'and sir,' said he, 'that nerved me with a new hope and led me to Christ.'"

Count Leo Tolstoi stood one day upon the corner of a street in a Russian city when a beggar approached him and asked him for aid. The great Russian said, "My brother, I would willingly give it, but I have nothing." The beggar went on his way rejoicing. When one of his friends said, "You received nothing from him, why rejoice?" "But," he said, "he called me brother." That is the second mile, and for it the world waits.

Problems in our home may easily be settled on this basis. Children recognise the necessity for discipline.

They have no regard for the home without it, but their little hearts long for the second mile.

One of my friends tells of two mothers equally busy each with a little girl. One morning the child of one of them came into her presence when she was very much occupied and said, "Please, mother, give me a needle and thread, a piece of cloth, and your scissors and your thimble." Impatiently the mother said, "For what?" and she answered, "To make my doll a dress," and the mother sharply replied, "I have no time, run away; you ought not to bother me. I will not give you these things," and the child goes out with the seed of bitterness in her heart, which, alas, develops only too rapidly, and when she grows to womanhood people look at her and say, "She is exactly like her mother, just as impatient, just as fault-finding."

The other child comes into the presence of an equally occupied mother, asks for a needle and thread, cloth, scissors and thimble, and the mother finds it a delight to turn from her work to lay these things in the hands of her child, and when she has done so she has the opportunity to say to her little girl, "If I could only say a word this morning that would turn your attention towards Christ, who is ~~the~~ the secret of the joy of my life, I would be so happy," and the child goes out with a song and says, "If ever there was an angel it is my mother," and she grows up and people say, "She is exactly like her mother, the same sweet, gentle disposition." This is the spirit of the second mile. The practice of it would revolutionise every home.

It is what the church needs to-day. Men are brought to Christ not so much by sermons, certainly not by songs, but by the spirit of love in the preacher and his people and by the evident presence of Christ in the lives of those with whom he may casually worship. Going the first mile counts for almost nothing, going the second will invariably win out. The practice of it is the secret of power in the Sunday School teaching and work.

A New York Sunday School superintendent urged his teachers to bring new scholars with them the next Sunday, and as he walked down Sixth Avenue attempted himself to win a street boy. "Will you go to Sunday School?" he said, and in the vernacular of the street the boy said, "Nop." The superintendent said, "We have picture papers for every boy," and he would not come. "We have music, we have everything to make you have a good time," and the boy steadily refused. Disappointed, the superintendent turned away and when he had gone a short distance he heard the patter of little feet behind him and turning back he saw the boy. He said with an earnest, eager look, "Mister, are you there?" and the superintendent said, "Yes, I am there." "Well," he said, "next Sunday I'll be there." And he was. Sunday School papers, music, and other attractions of school were simply the first mile, the spirit of the superintendent was the second mile, and was an influence the boy could not shake off.

Some time ago there appeared in a magazine the

statement that Christianity was a failure. In the next issue it was said, "This is not true, for it has never been tried." I wonder if this could be said of any of us. I am persuaded that all we need to do to win the lost is to live in such a way as to reveal the spirit of Jesus. Of course this presupposes a union with Him by faith, and to live in the spirit of Jesus is only another way to say that we must live in the spirit of the second mile.

Some little time ago there came to me in my mail a card which was headed, "Victory." It is so saturated with the spirit of the "Second Mile," and has been so helpful to so many people that it is given here in full. Some of my friends have said that these "Victory Cards," have been put up in prominent places in their homes and have always been most helpful in their influence.

"VICTORY" .

—2 Cor. xi. 14.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight

That is Victory

John xiii. 26-30; 2 Tim. iv. 16-18.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient and loving silence

That is Victory

John viii. 48-50; 2 Tim. iv. 16-18; I Peter ii. 20-21

When you can bear with any discord, any irregularity and unpunctuality, any annoyance—and are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption

That is Victory

Phil. iv. 11-13; Heb. xi. 3-11; Acts xxvii. 21-25; 2 Cor. iv. 8-10

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendation, when you can truly "love to be unknown."

That is Victory
Gal. ii. 20; vi. 14.

What if we could live as this card indicates! He would have a heart of stone who would turn away from the Saviour who could be such an inspiration. I am confident that should we live as is here suggested everyone would become a soul winner, the churches would be enlarged in their membership and the whole world made better.

When I had spoken along this line at a gathering of Christian students in the East, the Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., slipped into my hand a little card, on which he had written the following:

"If one bid thee go a mile,
Go with him the second mile.
Let not duty set thy pace,
Christian love keeps step with grace.

"It is thus with Jesus' love,
Love all other loves above,
Jesus fills our cup and more,
Fills it till it runneth o'er.

"Love like this in you and me
Setting us at liberty.
Freeing us from self and sin,
Lost and dying souls would win.

"Ah, my brother will it pay?
At Christ's judgment seat some day
It will have been worth our while
To have gone the second mile."

X

DEALING FAIRLY WITH GOD

"And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my Master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left."—GENESIS xxiv. 49.

MY messages in this Book are now completed. It has been my purpose throughout to hold up before you Jesus Christ and to present to you His claims for your time, your talents, and the best efforts of your life. You must face Him and decide what your future with Him is to be, and I can think of no better Scripture to present to you than this: "And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left."

This is a part of one of the most beautiful stories of the Old Testament. It is the account of the choosing of the bride for Isaac, and it is a picture of the devotion of a father for his son. A wedding is always interesting, for all the world loves a lover, but there is something about an Oriental wedding which is indescribable. If I were an artist I should paint this picture, and if I were enough of an artist I could make my work surpass the famous representation of the Russian Wedding Feast.

The heart of the picture is an old man, his hair whitened with grief, the lines of his face softened with

sorrow; he is alone, for Sara, his beloved, is gone. She had journeyed with him from Bethel to Egypt and back to Hebron, and now she is resting in the cave of Macpelah until the Resurrection morning comes, when these two faithful servants of God shall clasp hands and go forth together to live for an unending eternity. About him the arms of God, who said, "I will be with thee"; above him the angels of God who keep watch over him, and before him stands his old servant, who waits to receive his commission to go forth and seek the bride for his son.

"And Abraham was old, and well stricken in age; and the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things.

"And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh;

"And I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of Heaven and the God of earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of Canaanites, among whom I dwell;

"But thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac." (Genesis xxiv. 1-4.)

Before the old servant sets forth he thus speaks to his Master, "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me unto this land; must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?" (Genesis xxiv. 5.)

"And Abraham said "Beware that thou bring not my son hither again." (Genesis xxiv. 6.)

So when he has been thus assured by his master he sets forth upon his important errand. One of the

most picturesque sights of the East is a camel train. The peculiar swing of the camel, the Oriental setting, the artistic dressing of the camel-drivers, all these must be seen in the Orient to be appreciated. I counted one hundred camels in a single train when visiting the Pyramids in Egypt. This old servant had but ten camels, but they belonged to a Prince and their trappings were most brilliant. When the old servant approaches Nahor it is at the sunset hour. The day is dying out of the sky and everything about him is entrancingly beautiful. I have seen three notable sunsets. One at the Golden Gate in California when the sun seemed to sink into the sea and leave a trail of light which was now golden and later like a path of silver across the sea. One on the plains of North Dakota. It was after a terrific storm, the clouds were banked up in dark and foreboding heaps, when suddenly the sun appeared. What was dark and uninteresting a moment ago appeared like a group of angels or a company of white-robed priests, and all nature and sky and earth was transfigured. But I also beheld the sunset as I stood near the Sphinx in Egypt, and the two former sunsets were not to be compared with the latter, so that this sunset at Nahor was indescribable.

Laden with precious gifts, 'Abraham's servant reaches the well, when suddenly a woman comes forth and the servant prays, "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham.

"Behold I stand here by the well of water; and

the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water.

"And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink, and she shall say, Drink and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast shown kindness to my master." (Genesis xxiv. 12-14.)

The prayer was instantly answered, for in the 15th verse we read, "And it came to pass before he had done speaking, that Behold, Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, and widow of Nahor, Abraham's brother, with her pitcher upon her shoulder." Elastic of step, modest in manner, pure in heart, and fair of face, the bride-to-be steps upon the scene. As to parentage, she is the daughter of Bethuel, in appearance she was fair to look upon. This is Rebekah.

"And the man wondering at her held his peace, to wit whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not.

"And it came to pass as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold.

"And said whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee; is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

"And she said unto him, I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor.

"She said moreover unto him, We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in.

"And the man bowed down his head and worshipped God.

"And he said, Blessed be the Lord of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth; I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." (Genesis xxiv. 21-27.)

There are certain expressions which fell from the lips of this servant of Abraham worthy of our attention, as, for example, when in the 34th verse, he exclaims, with pride, "I am Abraham's servant," and if he could say that concerning his master, with how much more pride may we be able to speak concerning our Master. Or again in the 33rd verse when he exclaims, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand."

O, for this spirit to-day in our work, a spirit of concern, overmastering concern.

I was in a conference of ministers in a Western city when an old man arose and said, "Brethren, I do not mean to harshly criticise, but I know why many ministers are failing and many Christian workers too; they have lost the spirit of concern." Said he, "My old father was both a minister and a farmer, and one day when special meetings were in progress we missed him from the house. The dinner bell rang and he did not respond to it and my mother sent me to find him. He was in the corn crib literally on his face. I touched him on the shoulder and said, 'Father, mother wants you.' He came into the dinner table,

said grace, and gave us all of the food that was there to eat, never taking a mouthful himself. With tears rolling down his cheeks he sat at the head of the table and said he, 'My father led between fifty and sixty of his neighbours to Christ.' It is this concern that we need."

This old story is to me a beautiful illustration. Abraham is like God our Father, and Isaac is like Christ His Son and Rebekah is like a picture of the Church, fair and beautiful to look upon, while the old servant is a representation of the Holy Spirit who is in every way seeking men for Christ.

Now the picture is changed, and led by the Spirit I am making an appeal to you to yield to Christ, absolutely to yield to His will. "And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left." This is all that is required, just that you should be fair with Him. It is because we are not fair to Christ that we do not understand His Word and do not comprehend His will.

In answer to the question, How to find our God's will, Professor Drummond read the following from the fly-leaf of his Testament:

"First, pray. Second, think. Third, talk to wise people, but don't regard their judgment as final. Fourth, beware of the objection of your own will, but don't be too much afraid of it. God never unnecessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings—it is a mistake to think that His will is always in the line of the disagreeable; Fifth, meanwhile, do the next thing—for doing God's will in small things is the best

preparation for doing it in great things. Sixth, when decision and action are necessary, go ahead. Seventh, you will probably not find out till afterwards, perhaps long afterwards, that you have been led at all."

There are two reasons why you should be fair with Christ.

First: Because you need Him.

In a certain Austrian City they say there is a bridge which spans the river dividing the city, and on this bridge there are twelve statues of Christ; He is represented as a sower and all the peasants passing over stop to worship Him here. He is pictured as a carpenter, and the artisans passing by bend the knee in adoration. He is a physician, and all the sick draw near if only He might heal them. Again he is a sailor and all the seamen going forth to sea come to receive His blessing. This may or may not be true, but we know that there is everything in Christ we need, and we have but to claim it.

Second: He needs you to show forth His glory.

No one will really appreciate Christ until they see what He can do in a human life. He must show forth His patience, His gentleness, His forgiveness in your life and mine.

I went into the Sistine Chapel in Rome and with great difficulty studied the magnificent frescoing on the ceiling above me. When after an hour of this painful work I noticed a man by my side looking into a mirror which he held in his hand, the position of

which he was constantly changing. I stepped near enough to see that the mirror reflected the picture on the ceiling and so the study of it was comparatively easy.

It is absolutely essential in these days that we should reflect the beauty of Christ and many a man will be blind to all that He is unless he can see Him in our every-day living.

There are certain paramount reasons why we should deal fairly with Christ.

BECAUSE OF WHAT HE IS

He is the chiefest among ten thousand. Someone has said that it is as if God had summoned ten thousand angels of light before Him and from the ten thousand chosen a thousand, and from the thousand a hundred, and from the hundred ten, and from the ten one, and that one is Jesus. He is the bright and morning star, and the morning star ever heralds the approaching of the new day. He is the revelation of God to man. When you think of God He is represented as holding the winds in His fist and the seas in His hand. He is pictured as infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, but when you see Jesus you hear him say, "He that hath seen me hath seen my Father also." And this is a better view.

A friend of mine went into a German art gallery and the artist said to him as he pushed forth a little piece of parchment, "What is that, do you think?" and my friend said, "It looks as if it might be a

piece of parchment upon which an artist had cleaned his brushes," and the artist said with a smile, "Hold this glass, and when I place the parchment correctly, then tell me what you see," and suddenly, when the position was right and the light was perfect, I heard him say, "Now look," and I saw within the parchment the shoulder of a mountain, the play of a little mountain stream, the sweep of the magnificent landscape. It was the glass that did it, and all men must see God in Christ, or they will fail to appreciate all that he is.

BECAUSE OF WHAT HE HAS DONE

We were lost and He found us; we were under sentence of condemnation, for the Scripture says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and He delivered us.

The story of Captain Dreyfus is almost the saddest in history, and is well known to us all.

The degradation of Dreyfus was attended by formalities humiliating to a proud man. The brilliant young officer was brought before the troops he had commanded, heralded as a traitor, stripped of his uniform, and openly reviled. He was treated as a wild beast while caged on Devil's Island, and was allowed almost no communication with the outside world. There were brave men who believed in Dreyfus, and who, on his behalf, dared to raise the voice of protest, when to do that was to invite calumny and even physical injury. It was Zola, the novelist, who led in this crusade in favour of his friend, and on

the very spot where he was degraded Dreyfus was pronounced innocent. What if the soldier had turned against Zola, his friend? We would have counted him heartless. This is a poor illustration of what Jesus Christ has done for us, but because it does in part tell the story of his work in our behalf, we ought to deal fairly with Him.

BECAUSE OF WHAT HE WILL DO

He is at God's right hand to represent us, therefore we have a right to pray.

The son of a distinguished judge in the City of Detroit died upon the battlefield in the Civil War. When he was dying a companion in arms bent over to make him comfortable, and the dying soldier said, "Write this note to my father and I will sign it," and the note read:

"DEAR FATHER: This is my friend. He helped me when I was dying. Help him." And then taking the pen in his trembling hand he signed, "For Charlie's sake."

The war was over, and the soldier in rags sought out the judge, only to be denied admission to his presence. He waited until he came forth from his office and presented him the envelope upon which the letter was written, soiled in its appearance, it was true, and the judge, thinking it the request of a beggar, pushed him aside, when the soldier held it up again and as the father saw the signature of his boy and read his name suddenly all was changed. He threw his

arms about the soldier, drew him into his private office and said, "Everything I have is at your disposal."

The name made the difference, and we have a right to use His name. He is our intercessor and as our mediator is at God's right hand seated because his work is finished.

Adelaide Proctor, who writes in the language of the Romish Church, tells the story of a certain convent in France where the wars were terrific. When the battles were over the soldiers wounded and some of them dying were brought into the convent and given to the Sisters there to nurse and care for. One young soldier was given into the charge of a young girl whose duties in the convent compelled her to answer the portal and keep the altar clean. She nursed him back to strength and he then tempted her to leave the convent and go away with him to the City of Paris, where she lost all that was worth living for, and then, the wreck of her former self, she came back to die within the sound of the convent bell. She fell against the portal and suddenly it was opened, not by one such as she had been, a maiden young and fair, but such a one as she might have become, a woman, pure and strong and great. She took the poor girl in her arms, carried her into the convent, placed her in her old cell, nursed her back to a semblance of her old strength, and she slipped into her old position, and not a sister in the convent ever knew that she had sinned.

And this is but a feeble illustration of what Jesus Christ has done for us and is doing and ever will

do. He has saved us from the penalty of sin, and now answers before God for our failures, and one day when we see him we shall be presented without spot or blemish or any such thing, and not an angel in the sky will know the story of our sins. He is to-day our Comforter and our Helper, and one day He will confess us before the Father and His angels.

At the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg President Lincoln entered the building with Governor Todd upon his arm. An old man who had been following after the President attempted to follow him into the church. The ushers tried to keep him back, but President Lincoln turned and said, "No, no, this is my man. He fought one entire day at Gettysburg, and he almost more than any other in the ranks should be honoured, so let him come in, for I acknowledge him and his worth."

It is to confess Him before men and to confess Him with no uncertain sound. It is to stand by Him in the midst of all criticisms of men.

I heard the Rev C. L. Goodell, D. D., of New York City, give an account of his going with a friend of his into a glass store in the city, when his friend requested the proprietor to allow him to pick out a few glasses which were pitched to the key of A. "The proprietor smiled and said, 'We do not have glasses pitched to any key, and if we had I do not know that you could select them.' But my friend said, 'If you will allow me I will find them.' So he took a tuning fork pitched to the key of A, and sounding it out every glass responded to the same key." And these are days when there must be this harmonious testimonial to Jesus.

There must be no uncertain sound in our declaration of Him. To deal fairly with Him is to place our all at His feet.

A widow in the State of Georgia had a son. She made up her mind that he should have a college education. She took in washing and she lived in the plainest sort of way, and she finally got him through college. Her son was graduated at the top of his class. Furthermore, he took a gold medal for special excellence in his studies. When commencement day came he was valedictorian. On that day he went to his mother and said. "Mother, it is commencement day." "I know that," said his mother. "But, mother, I graduate to-day." "Why, of course, I know that." "Well, why aren't you getting ready to go to the commencement exercises?" "Why, my son, I am not going." "You are certainly going," he said. But the mother replied, "My son, I have nothing proper to wear, and you will be ashamed of your old mother. I have nothing but an old plain, faded shawl and a dress that has been worn for many years, and you would be ashamed of my appearance." "What, mother, ashamed of you! I owe all I have in the world to you, and what is more, I won't go unless you go with me."

And the mother put on the plain, faded dress and the faded shawl and started down the main street to the church and went into the building, and her son found a place for her in a good position near the graduating class, and he took his place on the platform and delivered his valedictory address, received his diploma and his gold medal for special excellence in studies, and stepped down from the platform and went to where

that lady was, where that mother was sitting in that faded shawl, and pinned the gold medal on that faded shawl and said, "Mother, that belongs to you. You have earned it."

I am told that this man is now President of this Institution of learning, and so I close by saying as I said at the beginning, "And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left."

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